THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LX ... 11—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. Historical Society o

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, 1926. $1.50 per year in advance

Young Tender Leaves

and tips used in

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GREEN TEA

are sealed in air-tight aluminum foil. Their fresh flavor is finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Try SALADA.

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LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS

IN FELT, VELVET and VELOUR

All the balance of this stock is being cleared at big reductions. Regular prices $3.50 to $10.50. To Clear $1.00, $1.90, and $3.90

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Ladies' Fine Cashmere Silk and Wool Stockings in Sand, Grey, Tan, including Black. All sizes. Regular $1.25. To Clear 89c.

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Silk Knit. All the popular shades. Regular $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00

TO CLEAR

$1.00, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00

The Leading Millinery House

LILLE'S GREY SHOPPE

Store is closed temporarily on account of illness.

Will be opened in a few days.

THE

Belleville Nurseries

—for—

Hardy Ornamental Trees, and Shrubs, Evergreens, Hedge Plants, Etc.

Select varieties of Roses a Specialty.

Special prices on all Fruit Trees for immediate orders.

Catalogue and prices on request.

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FARMERS AND DEALERS

We are open to buy a few thousand tons of good wheat and rye straw for immediate delivery.

H. R. CORY & CO.,

10-c Trenton, Ont.

FOR SALE—A practically new Consolidated Rug. Apply to MRS. HIRAM PARKS, South Napanee.

WANTED—Experienced maid for general housework, highest wages, no washing. MRS. J. GEALE DALY, John St. 11-b

FOR SALE—A bargain for a quick buyer. Triplex Auto-Knitter, in good condition. Apply MRS. WALTER METCALFE, Market Square, Napanee. 3-tf

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. Ont. 6-tf

FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET—100 acres, Lot 1 in 3rd Con. of Camden, 4 miles, Lot 5 in 4th Con. Camden. Well watered and fenced. Buildings in good repair. Apply to R. McQUAIG, on premises, Selby P.O.

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

FARM FOR SALE—The vendors are now in a position to sell by private sale the following described Farm, Part of Lot No. 3 in the 6th concession, Township of Richmond, containing 140 acres more or less, and part of west part of Lot No. 4 in the 7th concession, Township of Richmond, containing 15 acres more or less, being the farm known as the Joseph Lockridge farm. Dated November 25th, 1925. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister-at-law, Napanee, Ontario. 1-tf

FARM FOR SALE—The "Abbott Farm" situated two miles north east of the village of Selby, Township of Richmond, County of Lennox and Addington, containing 115 acres. This farm is in the highest state of cultivation and the buildings, all modern, have been kept in perfect condition. Never failing wells and springs ensure an abundant supply of water. There is a fine maple sugar orchard, and sufficient wood for all requirements. Possession any time. See MRS. A. W. ABBOTT, Bridge Street, Napanee.

Green Cord Wood.

Gibbard and Shurtliffe Shops will have a supply of green cord wood of 4-foot lengths, which they will sell at $10 a cord, or cut wood at $4.00 a rack. 7-c

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

Lille's Grey Shoppe

Few doors west of Campbell House

Send Your Deposits by Mail

THOSE who find it more convenient to do their banking by mail, will find that the co-operative services of this Bank meet all requirements. Write our nearest branch to-day and arrange to do your banking by mail. You will save the trouble of frequent trips to town.

THE DOMINION BANK

NAPANEE BRANCH,

C. WAITE, Manager.

RICHMOND MINUTES

Selby, Feb. 1st, 1926.

Council met in Town Hall, Selby. The members were all present, the Reeve presiding.

The minutes of last session were read and adopted.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by M. Dupre, that the Auditors' Report be accepted and that they receive $15.00 each for their services. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by C. Harten that the account of Jonas Sweet, be referred by the County Council for settlement. Carried.

Moved by C. Harten, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that we purchase a Sawyer-Massey No. 5 Grader with scarifier bar complete at $255.00. Carried.

A By-law providing for expenditure on roads for year 1926 was drawn up.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that By-law No. 7 providing for expenditure of $8500.00 on roads in 1926, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by M. Dupre, that application be received at the March session for road engineers, also tenders for furnishing power to operate machinery, including the furnishing of all supplies for the same, tenders to be stated per hr. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the following accounts be paid :

Jas. McLeod, bonus on 32 rods fence, at 25c	$ 8 00
Hamilton Stamp and Stencil Works, dog tags	12 30
Municipal World, 6 copies	6 10
Napanee Iron Works	1 75
A. McCutcheon, care of N. Hartin and removing to House of Refuge	9 50
H. A. Wood, reg. B. M. & D.	16 25
Stuart Young, fixing culvert, con. 11	1 00

Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that we authorize the Treasurer of the County of Lennox and Addington to cancel the back taxes of J. Young on s. p. lot 7, con. 11, in the Township of Richmond. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that C. Kimmett, Jr., be appointed to open the road from Roblin to Westplain, and Oay Young from Percy McKeown's to Charlie Pringle's. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by C. Harten, that the Road Clerk be authorized to sign and submit to the minister of Public Highways the Statement of the Township Engineer of moneys expended on township roads in 1925, amounting to $4335.86 and requesting the statutory grant on the amount provided by the Ontario Highways Act. Carried.

Council was adjourned to meet March 1st, 1926.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

Poultry Feeds

A fresh supply of the celebrated Blachford's meal in pail or Pep Egg Laying Mash and Scratch Feeds just arrived. Also big 60 lb. Beef Meal and Oyster Shell, and freezing water founts and everything to make your hens lay and to get your breeders ready for the hatching season. Others are having wonderful success by using the above, so why not you. We are now prepared to pay highest price for your poultry, and especially for your fat hens. Deal with us and go home satisfied.

THE M. B. MILLS CO. 11-b

CONTRACTS WANTED

We are open to contract for a limited quantity of

Tomatoes, Corn and Seed Peas.

Call and see our representative, who will be at the

Royal Hotel, Napanee

—on—

Saturday Afternoons.

THE E. C. METCALF CANNING COMPANY

3-tf

Blue Serge Suits

—Blue—

Chinchillia Overcoats

$14, $18, $20 & $23

$5.00 below their regular value

All other Winter Overcoats and Mackanaw Coats at reduced prices.

W.W.ADAMS

Men's Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

CURLING

NAPANEE CURLERS WIN

Friday evening four rinks of Belleville Curlers visited Napanee and were defeated by a score of 58-53 in a C. O. C. L. game. The ice was in good shape, the contest between the four rinks keen, and the curlers enjoyed a most pleasant evening. Three Napanee rinks were up four shots each, and one down seven shots. The Belleville curlers made the trip to Napanee in automobiles, a very unusual mode of travel at this time of the year. Following are the rinks and scores :

Belleville		Napanee	
R. A. Carman		J. F. Robbin	
Capt. Hyman		Geo. Root	
Capt. Shuster		P. Killorin	
Lt.-Col. Allan		H. W. Huffman	
	Skip 15		Skip 8
J. S. Dunkins		Wm. Gault	
R. S. Backus		Dr. Lapum	
W. H. Buttum		F. Bell	
J. G. Galloway		C. I. Maybee	
	Skip 14		Skip 18
C. D. Tice		Dr. McLaughlin	
H. H. Shiell		Roy Root	
Dr. M. Clarke		Jas. Pringle	
J. W. Davison		M. P. Graham	
	Skip 12		Skip 16
O. R. Laidley		A. Steacy	
W. E. Hartley		M. Taylor	
T. J. Hurley		F. Vanalstyne	
R. J. Wray		A. L. Dafoe	
	12		16
	53		58

NAPANEE WINS FROM BELLEVILLE.

Monday night four rinks from Napanee visited Belleville and played the second game in the C.O.C.L. series. When the play was finished the Napanee curlers were the winners by a total of 31 shots.

Following are the rinks and the scores :

Napanee		Belleville	
Dr. McLaughlin		O. R. Laidley	
R. Root		W. Gartley	
Jas. Pringle		T. J. Hurley	
M. P. Graham		R. Way	
	Skip 16		Skip 6
W. Gault		H. A. Fish	
Geo. Root		A. R. Symonds	
G. H. Lapum		Dr. Clarke	
F. Bell		H. Davison	
	Skip 17		Skip 11
Jas. Roblin		J. S. Dawkins	
J. L. Boyes		R. A. Backus	
P. Killorin		Capt. Bottom	
H. Huffman		J. G. Galloway	
	Skip 15		Skip 15
W. A. Steacy		R. A. Carmen	
M. Taylor		B. L. Hyman	
F. Vanalstyne		W. E. Schuster	
A. L. Dafoe		A. P. Allen	
	Skip 22		Skip 7

Majority for Napanee, 31 shots.

V. O. N. TEA

The Women's Finance Committee of the Napanee Branch of the V.O.N. gave a delightful Tea Thursday afternoon, in the school room of Trinity Church. The event was a brilliant success socially and financially.

The school room itself was charming and the class rooms most inviting, with prettily arranged tables presided over by a hostess. The community spirit prevailed, each Church and the Salvation Army being well represented.

Rev. W. R. Tanton kindly opened the program with a short speech, creating much interest in the Order ; and the V.O. Nurse, Miss Robertson, introduced by the President, Mrs. F. F. Miller, gave an interesting talk, and in a delightful way the guests were made to realize the benefit of her work.

Miss Georgie Robinson gave two very effective numbers, most suitable to her sweet soprano voice ; the hearty applause proved her to be a great favorite.

Miss Mary McGrady was heard for the first time by many in the audience, and surprised everyone with her splendid interpretation of so difficult a song.

Miss Mary Daly, who has been studying in England, has been very generous in assisting at many concerts since her return. Her rich beautiful notes were heard to great advantage in two numbers.

Mrs. Cameron Wilson delighted the lovers of violin music, with a single number, played so faultlessly, that it was all too short to please the audience.

Messrs. Caldwell, Waite, Shannon and Vandevoort, called "The Famous Quartette," gave the thrilling old Scotch song, "Wi' a Hundred Pipers." At the close of the program they sang two equally attractive numbers.

The accompanists were the Misses Gleeson, Scott, Baughan and Baird, whose sympathetic playing added much to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

After the program, each hostess greeted her own guests and an enjoyable half-hour was spent over the tea-cups.

Special thanks is given to the Property Committee of Trinity Church for the use of the Sunday School Room ; and to Mr. Lorne Wartman and Mr. E. Walker for kindness rendered.

The Order is also indebted to the Convener of the Finance Committee, Mrs. W. S. Herrington, and the members of her Committee ; to the hostess of each table and her guests, and to those who so kindly contributed to the splendid program.

The proceeds of the Tea amounted to $120.

Anyone wishing to become a member of the Napanee Branch of the V.O.N., may do so by paying the fee, 50c., to Miss Mary Leamy, Treasurer.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ELECTS OFFICERS

The annual meeting of the Napanee Chamber of Commerce was held in the Paisley House on Tuesday evening, of last week. There was a large attendance of members, who thoroughly enjoyed the lunch and the music supplied by Walters' Orchestra.

At the opening of the meeting Messrs. W. A. Grange, E. J. Roy and J. M. Simpson were appointed a nominating committee and later recommended the following officers for 1926, who were unanimously elected :

President—Mr. J. W. Robinson.

Vice-President—Mr. P. Gleeson.

Sec.-Treas.—Mr. W. J. Wiggins.

Executive—Messrs. J. L. Boyes, Geo. Gibbard, W. H. Milling, C. A. Walters, F. Jas. Roblin, W. J. Dolan, W. S. Wilson and T. B. Wallace.

Messrs. Caldwell, Waite, Shannon and Vandervoort, entertained at meeting with vocal numbers, which were highly appreciated.

The Auditors' Report and the reports from the different Committees on the activities of the Board during the past year were presented to the meeting and adopted.

The program closed with an illustrated and instructive talk on "The Political Divisions in Europe Before and After the War," by G. W. Mowden, principal of the Napanee Collegiate.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS IN NEW BATH CHURCH

SIX BEAUTIFUL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS ERECTED IN ST. JOHN'S.

The new St. John's Church, Bath, erected last summer a memorial to the first rector, the Rev. John Langthorn, has recently been adorned with a number of beautiful stained glass windows, five being placed in the Apse Chancel and one in the Nave.

The windows in the Chancel consist of figures of St. James given by the Misses Davy, Bath, in memory of John, Peter, and Marshall Davy, United Empire Loyalists and pioneers of 1784-1787 ; the three centre windows form the Crucifixion group and were given by Mr. W. H. Davy, Montreal, Minn., in memory of Percy, William and Hannah Davy and Sarah M. Davy, Fairfield, Minn., all United Empire Loyalists and church members from 1881 to 1846. The fifth window is a figure of St. Peter, given in memory of William Fairfield, Sr., a United Empire Loyalist and pioneer benefactor of the old St. John's Church erected in 1793, this window being contributed to by a number of descendants of this old Loyalist. The Rev. John Langhorn had his congregation assemble at the old Fairfield home, where he designated St. Peter's, hence the choice of a subject for this window, which is situated immediately above his last resting place.

The beautiful window in the Nave is a figure of St. Mark, given by Mr. J. B. Bowman and Elizabeth, his wife. Mr. Bowman had the same subject for a memorial window in the old church and now it is restored with his characteristic loyalty and faithfulness.

NEWBURGH.

The measles are in town again a few of the people being sick with them.

Some of the young people attended the hockey match at Napanee movies in Napanee Tuesday night.

The Young People's League in the basement of the United Church was well attended on Monday evening last.

George Paul and his men are busily engaged at the wood business.

Willard Embury, Wesley, is hauling wood for Vandervoort Bros.

Russel Craig, Switzerville, was seriously injured when his sawing outfit upset on him. He is in Kingston General Hospital. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Victor Miller has been sawing wood in the village for the last few days.

The automobiles are still running, although the recent snow storms nearly put a stop to them. The roads north of the village were pretty well filled with afternoon according to reports.

The carnival held on the rink on Tuesday night last was well attended, even if the weather was a little unfavorable.

Nellie Babcock took charge of the service in the Mission on Sunday last.

Mrs. Herbert Embury is spending some time with her son, Roy, on the Deseronto Road.

Malta.

Malta, an island in the Mediterranean about due south of Italy, was known as Melita when St. Paul suffered shipwreck there while on his way to Rome, as a prisoner to appear before the Emperor Nero. On his way to Egypt, Napoleon took Malta from the Knights. The island surrendered to the British on September 5, 1800. By the Treaty of Paris of 1814 Malta was guaranteed to Great Britain.

Glass In Ruins of Pompeii.

The ruins of Pompeii, destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in on June 12, 1798. The island surrendered to the British on September 79 A.D., show that windows of glass were in use. There were glass windows in England in the third century, but for several centuries the glass was imported.

PICTON W. C. T. U. HOLD BIRTHDAY PARTY

"You are not guilty because you are ignorant, but you are guilty when you are content to be ignorant." Said indeed is the fact that many are content to be ignorant of the great work that the women of the Women's Christian Temperance Union are doing and particularly of what they have accomplished. A birthday party was held by the members of the W.C.T.U. in the school room of the United Church, Picton, Thursday, Jan. 7th, in memory of Letitia Youmans, whose whole life work was devoted to the cause of temperance. The flame she lit has never been extinguished but has fired the whole Dominion. The temperance society started by her in Picton was the second in Canada. She travelled east and west with her torch—succeeding in every place she spoke in starting a blaze, and cold water, which she advocated in the place of spirituous liquors, will not quench the fire she is responsible for, but rather fans it by its persistent effort ! Oh that all the people of Picton could have heard the talk Nellie Nichol gave us about the work Mrs. Youmans accomplished. Mrs. Nichol was one of her soldiers who was appointed to assist at one of the departments of the army raised to fight the great evil that was destroying our fair Dominion. She, who without doubt was recognized as one who would be valiant in a struggle for Home and Native Land, was counted worthy by Mrs. Youmans to be the President of the first "W" organized in Picton.

On Thursday afternoon facing a large company of women in the United Church, Picton, Mrs. Nichol (who was young Nellie Hart in the days when the Temperance Work just unfurled in Picton) told of the life and doings of the great Letitia Youmans, in a manner that held her listeners in such a tension that good resolutions were made that the meeting, presided over by Mrs. Youmans and also by Mrs. Nichol, would be sought by them for, after all, magnetism is only carried out of the mind cause. Mrs. W. J. Shorey, who is known throughout not only Price Edward County, but many other counties for her persistent efforts in the cause of righteousness, was welcomed by the audience when called upon to tell some of her experiences in connection with the work under Mrs. Youmans. Her remarks, coloured with that inimitable humor of hers, delighted all, who regretted when her address was over. The President, Mrs. M. E. Knox, then asked if there were any others present who could speak of Mrs. Youmans. Mrs. R. Dwight, Mrs. E. A. Morden and others responded to the opportunity afforded them. Mrs. Dwight told of playing the old organ styled the hurdy gurdy at the meetings of the Band of Hope at a very early date in her life. Mrs. Morden told that the first President of the Band of Hope was her husband, Mr. E. A. Morden. Thus we are led to believe that the seed was sown in the souls of good men as well as good women by this wonderful one. At the urgent request of the President, Mrs. H. B. Hall told of some of her experiences in association with Mrs. Youmans. The audience by this time had placed this wonderful organizer on a pedestal, within their minds, so high that the thought of any ordinary performance of nourishing the body never entered their heads in connection with her.

Mrs. Bristol as a little girl was a member of the Band of Hope and she told how often Mrs. Youmans would gather the young people together and entertain them at her home and on one occasion would have invited the members of the W.C.T.U., she and some other children were chosen to speak. They were taken to the basement of her home (the house now owned and occupied by Mr. Jack Kilip) and were seated by wash tubs which they, after a tiresome and lengthy period, filled with the strawberries which they had hulled. This little incident showed that Mrs. Youmans in dealing with children tried to satisfy all their needs and she delighted to encourage the social side. Mrs. Bristol also spoke of her great personal touch upon the young people. Her Bible Class numbered one hundred, for knowing that to accomplish anything, the young must be safe-guarded against the enemy of their souls, and Mrs. Youmans knew how to wear the breast plate of righteousness to be able to stand the fiery darts of the enemy. Is it any wonder that from such teaching as this, the presidents and officers of the "W" of Picton, for thirty years, have been the backbone of the town ? Some know, and that right well, of the painstaking efforts, the perseverance the pressing onward to the accomplishment of the good work, and the faithful attendance of Letitia Youmans. As Mrs. Bristol pictured the earnest sower surrounded in her home by those intently studying the word of God, the light shone so strongly upon the picture that one could recognize the good soil in which the seed was sown.

Splendid musical selections were rendered during the afternoon, these consisting of a vocal solo by Mrs. C. C. Spencer, a violin solo by Miss Helen Way and a piano duet by Mrs. J. J. Mellor and Miss F. Newman. Miss Staples delighted everyine by reciting a selection from Drummond, entitled, "Johnnie Caton."

Years have passed since Mrs. Youmans received the eternal life, leaving behind her footprints on the sands of time. They are ever visible for the little ones she trained in that Band of Hope have been her fruition. The Women's Christian Temperance Union is still on the march with Victory in view. Mrs. Knox, the present President, as an energetic worker of great determination and will successfully carry on.

At the close of the program Mrs. S. J. Shorey was presented with a life membership pin of the Dominion W.C.T.U. Mrs. Harry Pyne received the life membership pin of the Provincial W.C.T.U.

Before departing the guests were served with refreshments, and the beautiful birthday cake, decorated with coloured candles, made by Mrs. M. E. Knox, was greatly appreciated by all.

FOUND WITH THE GOODS

Duane Wagar, of Enterprise, was arrested in Napanee on Friday at the Royal Hotel by Chief of Police Barrett and held for the Provincial Police, for trial in connection with the robbery of the station at Harrowsmith, and the post office at Verona.

Chief of Police Barrett located a mare answering the description of the one missing from Harrowsmith, standing in the yard of the Royal Hotel in Napanee, as a result of which Wagar, who was asleep in one of the rooms of the same hotel, was placed under arrest.

When arrested, Wagar was lying on the top of his bed fully dressed, the money and post office money taken from the Verona Post Office, together with the Dominion Express orders taken from the Harrowsmith Station, Agent's office being found either on Wagar's person or stowed away under his washboard and while the missing buffalo robes and blankets were in the cutter standing in the hotel yard.

The articles taken are valued at a considerable sum. The mare and cutter, with three blankets, stolen in Harrowsmith and with which Wagar made his way to Napanee, are owned by their owner, Mr. D. Murton, at $400, the animal being a very well bred one. Two buffalo robes, the property of Mr. W. Bibby, of Harrowsmith, were valued at $45. The Dominion Express orders taken from the Station Agent at Harrowsmith could possibly have been cashed for $50 each, a total of $100, and the money orders taken from the Verona Post Office, all of which were stamped with the official stamp by himself, could also possibly have been cashed for $100 each, and had a total value of $9,600. It is stated that nothing has been recovered and returned to the rightful owners with the exception of the $40 in cash taken from the Post Office at Verona, and with which Wagar purchased a Mackinaw coat and other articles of clothing in Napanee.

Wagar has a very unenviable police record, and at the present time is on invalid parole from a United States reformatory. He has served terms in the Portsmouth Penitentiary, Burwash and Guelph, all of his previous convictions being for horse-breaking and robbery. Wagar was taken to Kingston for trial.

COLEBROOK.

Mr. Nelson Walker has purchased the house and lot owned by the late Joseph Boyce.

Mrs. J. Kilborn and daughter, Grace, are spending the winter with Mrs. Kilborn's daughters at Brooklyn, N.Y.

Measles are prevalent in the village and several homes are quarantined.

Mr. Everett D. Shangraw left a few days ago for Birmingham, Alabama, where he has secured a position with the Alabama Portland Cement Co. as purchasing agent.

Rev. Mr. McKenzie entertained the Circuit Ladies' Aid and their husbands at the parsonage on Friday evening last. All spent an enjoyable evening.

Mrs. William Benn, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia is recovering.

The Misses Beatrice and Lila Townsend, of Hartington, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Husband and Mrs. C. Townsend recently.

COMING :- EVENTS

ANNIVERSARY SALE OF WALLpapers at Paul's Bookstore, February 15th to 27th inclusive.

MEETING OF LENNOX LIBERAL Association for Election of Officers and general business. Town Hall, Napanee, Friday, February 12th, at 2.30 p.m.

A DANCE WILL BE GIVEN IN the Masonic Hall Easter Monday night, under the auspices of the Women's Finance Committee of the Victorian Order.

AN AT HOME, IN ST. PATRICK'S Church Parish Hall, Wednesday evening, February 17th, under the auspices of St. Pat's Baseball Girls. Euchre, five hundred, dancing, and light refreshments. Admission 35c.

S. W. CLARK WILL SELL FOR Earl Warner, lot 47, con. 1, Camden, 1½ miles east of Yarker, on Thursday, February 18th, at 1 o'clock, all his farm stock, implements, etc., 1 horse, 8 choice cows, 2 heifers, brood sow, mower, rake, roller, disc, wagons, buggy, harness, cream separator, 15 tons hay. Usual terms.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Sunday, Feb. 14.—John 10 : 1-30.

Golden Text—I am the Good Shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep (John 10 : 11.)

The late Dr. C. I. Scofield, whose Reference Bible has brought such blessing to many, was once asked by an earnest Christian woman, "Are you an out-and-out Christian?"

She was rather startled when he replied, "No, but I am an in-and-out Christian."

When she asked the great Bible teacher what he meant, he answered, with that kindly smile which endeared him to multitudes: "The Lord said, you remember: 'I am the door: by Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.'

Our lesson tells us how these words came to be spoken. In the previous chapter, studied last week, the Pharisees had cast out of their synagogue and from their fellowship a man born blind whom Jesus had healed; and he was excommunicated for no other reason than that he had expressed his belief that Christ was "of God." They thus proved that they were false shepherds, betraying their trust as leaders of God's people Israel. And the Lord, in view of this, uttered His great discourse on the Good Shepherd, beginning by the denunciation of the typical Pharisee: "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

"But he that entereth in by the door, said our Lord, "is the shepherd of the sheep." A few verses later He said plainly: "I am the Good Shepherd." So it is evident that Christ made good claim that He was entering the sheepfold of God's people "by the door," in this mention, seeming to stand for God's will, God's plan of salvation. "So I come to do Thy will, O God" (Heb. 10 : 9), said our Good Shepherd. Therefore the true sheep "know His voice," but "a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him." The Pharisees only drove away really believing Jews; and those who were honestly seeking God today are not deceived by the many false religious leaders who, as thieves and robbers, try to "climb up some other way" into the hearts of God's people. Surely no true believer will be deceived, for example, by the young Indian Krishnamurti, proclaimed as a "Second Messiah" by the Theosophists in India.

Then our Lord changes the use of the metaphor "door," and applies it to Himself. He now calls Himself the door, as He declares: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep."

How many doors are there into Heaven? In a recent issue of an American religious journal the leading editorial said: "Into the kingdom of truth there are at least as many gates as in the city which John saw coming down from Heaven [Rev. 21]..... Many are the paths that lead to God." This is not the teaching of the Bible and of the Lord Jesus Christ. He said there is only one door into Heaven, and that He is that door. He said there was no access to God except Himself: "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14 : 6), and concerning Christ it was the Holy Ghost who said, through Peter, "There is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4 : 12).

Our Lord then goes on to speak words of tragic denunciation of false religious teachers. We often hear it said nowadays that it is quite unnecessary to speak so severely as some do concerning other religious teachings than those of evangelical Christianity: that there is good in all religions. Christ took no such tolerant, easy-going attitude, but He said of the religious teachers who were differing from Him, that "the thief cometh not but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy." We need to be keenly conscious of the inescapable fact that if Christ is the only Saviour, then any proffered substitute, no matter how sincere and plausible, means eternal death. Any other religion than Christ cometh but to kill and destroy.

The climax of Christ's teaching about Himself as the only door and the only shepherd is in the startling words that spell blood atonement: "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." That is what Christ, the Prince of Life, left Heaven and came to earth for—to die as the sinner's substitute. Death, the wages of sin, had to claim either the sheep or the shepherd, and the Shepherd took it for Himself that His sheep might live. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." But it was the Good Shepherd His life-blood.

That is another thing that false religious teachers would turn people away from: blood atonement—a "religion of the shambles," as they call it. But the only doorway into heaven is the blood of Christ, shed for us. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil: that is to say, His flesh.....let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering" (Heb. 10: 19-23).

OTHER THAN FOX BREEDING

The growth of the fur industry in Canada is continuous. Nor is this manifest only in the increase of the number of fox farms. In his latest report the Federal Minister of Agriculture states that there was a decided increase in the number of farms raising other kinds of fur-bearing animals. Beavers are being bred on at least nine ranches, fisher on seven, marten on nineteen, mink on thirty-two, raccoons on two, foxes on four, muskrats on sixty, skunks on twelve, racoons on forty-one, coyotes on four, muskrats on sixty, and rabbits on at least twenty. Inquiries are being constantly received by the Department regarding the raising of various kinds of fur-bearing animals and especially relative to muskrats, mink and chinchilla rabbits.

Canada is particularly strong in muskrats, almost rivalling Russia and even Serbia. Exceptionally large muskrat ranches exist near Sydney, Cape Breton and at Radisson, Saskatchewan. On the latter there are no fewer than two thousand breeding rats. It is claimed for this country that the muskrat skins produced here are the best in the world. They thus between three and a half and four million dollars per annum. Muskrats multiply and thrive well in captivity, hence there is plenty of opportunity for further development.

Mink also thrive in captivity. The skins are in good demand, and command fair prices. Young mink find ready sale for breeding purposes.

Chinchilla rabbits, although originated in France as late as twelve years ago, have already become extremely popular. They have been known in Canada for only two or three years, but the demand already exceeds the supply. However, large importations are being made and as there seems no fear of their decrease in popularity further development of chinchilla breeding may be looked for. The little animals multiply rapidly and their skins are worth from two to six dollars a piece. Four litters a year, averaging seven to eight each are the usual thing.

Says the Minister's Report: "Since it does not require much capital to start in a small way, and as women are quite as successful as men in raising them, it is reasonable to suppose that the breeding of chinchilla rabbits will become a factor of some moment in the fur trade of Canada."

(Issued by the Director of Publicity, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

SOME OF THE BEST VARIETIES OF VEGETABLES

(Experimental Farms Note)

While a much longer list of varieties might be given, the following includes those which have been found to be suitable over a wide area of Canada.

Asparagus—The Mary Washington has been found very satisfactory from the standpoint of disease resistance and is a very satisfactory cropper. Beans—Pencil Pod Black Wax, Round Red Kidney Wax, Stringless Green Pod, and Hodson Long Pod Wax, with Kentucky Wonder Wax and Golden Cluster Wax as pole sorts. Beets—Flat Egyptian, an early sort and Detroit Dark Red. Cabbage—Golden Acre as a round headed first early, followed by Copenhagen Market, Enkhuizen Glory as midseason, with shortstem Danish Ballhead for winter storage. Cauliflower—Early Snowball and Early Dwarf Erfurt. Carrots—Chantenay and Danvers. Celeriac—Giant Prague as first early, followed by Early Malcolm and Golden Bantam. Cucumbers—Davis Perfect. Celery—Giant Pascal. Pumpkin. This variety will, it is believed, take the place of the old reliable Connecticut Field, combining most of its vigor of growth and freedom from disease. Early Blanching Fordhook is a very promising green variety which produces very thick meaty leafstalks of exceedingly good quality. Lettuce—Grand Rapids, Iceberg. Muskmelons—Harts of Gold or Hoodoo, Miller Cream or Osage, Bender Rouge Vif d'Etampes or Gem. Onions — Yellow Globe Danvers, Sweet Spanish, Red Wethersfield, and White Portugal. Peas—Thomas Laxton Blue Bantam, Lincoln, Stratagem, Parsnip—Hollow Crown. Radish—Scarlet Turnip White Tip, French Breakfast. Rhubarb—Ruby and McDonald. Spinach—King of Denmark and New Zealand which is a perpetual variety. Squash—Golden and Green Hubbard and the Warren Squash, the flesh of this small variety somewhat resembles sweet potatoes in texture and flavour. They are very productive. Tomatoes—Bonny Best as the first early, followed by Earliana, with John Baer and Bonny Best for the main crop.

New Clothes on an Ol' One.

A salesman up in gasoline row was telling how he almost had a bit of good luck. "I was driving on the Bluff road, the other evening, just after dark," he said, "I saw a good tire at the side of the road. There was not a house within a half-mile, so I stopped the car and got out to get the tire. It was a new one. I could tell that as I passed it. But when I got up within ten feet of it, it started to move, and over into the field it went, bounding like the boys laugh." Three of the salesman's audience sang out, "Yes, we tried to get that same tire on the first night in April."—Indianapolis News.

Novel on a Sheet of Paper.

The publishing house of Bailey Ballere in Madrid is publishing complete novels, each printed on one large sheet of paper, folded once, about the size of a four-page newspaper. The type is arranged in book-size pages, so that by folding the sheet several times and cutting the pages the purchaser has an unbound book. The first novel thus published—"Jose," by A. Palacio Valdes—was sold for five centimos, or about 1 cent.—From the Argus.

PALATABLE METHOD OF EATING IRON

There is a saying that some men are tough enough to "chew nails." It is not likely that iron in this form will ever become a popular article of diet, even though medical men tell us that a certain amount of iron in our food is necessary for bodily health. Fortunately, Nature knew about this long before man ever thought about it, and the iron that is essential for nourishment is found in sufficient quantities and in digestible form in certain natural foods. Honey is one of these, and it is difficult to imagine a more pleasant method of supplying the body with iron than by eating honey. Plants are able to feed upon the minerals in the soil, but man finds a more delicate digestive apparatus and cannot resort to such first-hand methods for supplying his mineral requirements. The nectar which is distilled by the flowers of certain plants is comparatively rich in iron; this in turn is gathered up by the bees and in the hive it is changed into honey. The darker honeys are, as a rule, richer in iron, although all honey can supply it in sufficient quantities for ordinary health purposes.

"Honey is an inexhaustible iron mine," says the French writer, Alin Caillas, in his book, "The Treasures in a Drop of Honey." "Iron, so useful to plants, was filtered into the nectar, then into the honey by the aid of the bee. It is there usually in combination of phosphates, in a very soluble, easily digestible, easily assimilable form. It supplies the dessert required by our ironhungery system, an excellent rebuilder of physically and nervously run-down organs."

HONEY DROP CAKES

¾ cup of honey, ¼ cup fat, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon soda, 2 tablespoons water, 1½ to 2 cups of flour, 1 cup raisins, 1 egg. Heat honey and fat until fat melts. While mixture is warm, add spices. When it is cold add egg, raisins and flour, using enough flour to make a dough that will hold its shape. Drop spoonful on a greased pan. Bake in moderate oven.

THE NEW SPORT OF GYPING TOURISTS

By ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Why is it that garages and eating houses along the highways popular among motor tourists seem to regard the man that drives a machine with a foreign license plate as a sucker?

Why? Because they work on the theory that they'll never see him again, and so charge him outrageous prices whenever they think they can get away with it. When a tourist needs service he needs it badly and often he pays the overcharges without questioning because he wants to get away from there.

But it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Usually you will find that the tourist has friends in that particular town to which he tells his woes—all of which come back to the gyper double-fold. Yet a lot of towns don't know that such practice is going on.

Last summer I was making a run to the Coast and stopped to visit friends in Denver. My car needed a little overhauling, knowing how foreign garages treated the tourist, I made plain that I was going to do it myself instead of taking a much wanted trip up to Mt. Lookout in my friend's machine.

"Take it down to Jack's," said my friend, "I know he will do it right." I did and we went up the mountain for a most wonderful time. But, having a bet with my friend that Jack would give me a fair break, I didn't tell him or know of my friend's recommendation, and the next morning my friend and I went down to the machine together. Yes, it was excellently greased as one could see at a glance, but when we pulled up the floor boards and looked to look at the grease cups, there we discovered they hadn't been touched. The old game—suck the tourist. But it so happened that my friend was an automobile oiler and what he didn't do to Jack through the medium of the press was plenty. Jack took it real whipping and liked it.

Moral: Jack's wife was made to.

All of which isn't to the point at all. This business of gyping tourists is a dirty thing to poor morals—and poorer business. If you, garage man, can't make a profit at the local rate, don't try to take it out on the tourist. Raise your charges for local town trade and establish a standard rate for everybody.

Remember that motor tourists are a clubbing crowd. No matter where they've been they're sure to tell the other to avoid your place; they're always swapping experiences.

Then again, the white garages, run by regular boys, out-number the dirty garages. Ninety-nine out of every hundred garages, I stopped at on the way across couldn't do enough for me—and charged me less than I was accustomed to paying in the big cities.

Only, seventeen hundred feet in the aid—near the Divide—I had a puncture fixed. The chap who fixed it sweated in the sun and panted hard, because he had a bum lung. And when I asked the price why he mentioned that "two-bits" would be about right. And if anyone needed the money that boy did for he was fighting a losing battle against T. B. There are still regular fellows, and they far outnumber the gyp.

But be on the watch for the gyp. Motor tourists and regular garages are out to get him.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.
44tf

Here and There

H. B. Beaumont, assistant steamship general passenger agent, has been appointed assistant to the steamship passenger traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Steamships, according to recent advices at the head offices of the company.

Canada's agricultural growth during the past quarter of a century is well illustrated by figures compiled by the Dominion Government, which show that during the past year field crops had an estimated value of $946,168,000, as compared with $196,873,000 in 1900.

Production on Nova Scotia farms in 1925 amounted to approximately $40,420,000, as compared with $36,435,000 in the previous year. Items making up this total were: Dairy, $10,200,000; livestock, $2,200,000; field crops, $16,700,000; poultry products, $4,220,000; fruits and vegetables, $8,000,000.

A railway car, originally built as an observation car for the Canadian Pacific Railway, was used as a "chapelle ardente" and funeral coach to transport the remains of the late Queen Mother of Italy. This car was used in hospital service during the war and was sold, with others, to the Italian State Railways after the armistice.

Strange scenes are laid in the Canadian west on account of hoarfrost and snow. The trees and shrubs are covered with snow forming strange white animals in the Kicking Horse Pass region. A number of photographs were taken recently in this neighborhood showing grotesque and terrifying figures in the form of prehistoric animals.

Her Excellency, Lady Byng, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, speaking at Ottawa recently, gave a vivid description of the scenic beauties of the Canadian Pacific Rockies. She advised Canadians to see Canada first and get to know this country and something of the lives of the people who live in its various parts.

Owing to the cheap hydro-electric power available, the American Cellulose and Chemical Company is to locate at Drummondville, Quebec, very shortly. The Canadian company will be known as the Canadian Cellulose and Chemical Company, it is understood, and the output will consist of rayon and artificial silk. About $7,000,000 will be used for buildings and plant equipment.

One hundred all-steel 75-ton ore cars ordered by the Canadian Pacific Railway from the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, have now been completed and are ready for delivery. Each of the cars has a capacity of about eighty tons in a holding content of 1,230 cubic feet, and the wheels are of solid wrought steel. The cars will be largely used in the Sudbury district.

At least 600 boys will pass through the Burnside Lodge, the Western Ontario distribution centre in Woodstock, Ontario, to become farm workers under the Salvation Army juvenile farm labor system during 1926, according to Adjutant Lee, chief of the lodge. Adjutant Lee also stated that the first party, numbering fifty, have all been spoken for, although they are still on their way from England.

Cases of automobiles driven directly at trains in the course of traversing a level crossing during the first four weeks of 1926 were increased to four, or at the rate of one a week, when an auto truck struck the leading car of seventeen cars passing over the Yonge Street crossing at Toronto. The third prize for carelessness went to an autobus driver at Hull, Quebec, who drove his car through both gates of the Chelsea Road level crossing, in the west end, at this city.

THE TALKING TRUTH.

Woman's Brain Smaller, But of Much Better Quality Than Man's.

Women, from time immemorial, have been the target for many jokes dealing with their talkativeness, and, although there are those who would say it is a fact, proven by tests, that women do talk much more than men. Count it not, however, as a fault or a matter of shame, for scientific truth it is a perfectly natural proceeding.

A woman's brain is smaller than that possessed by the average male, but it is of much better quality. It works quicker in every way, and that charged with less than a man's and is customed to paying in the big cities.

Further, observation and experience prove that Eve has another wonderful instinct—that of instinct. It guides her, and rarely wrongly, to conclusions and judgments that the average man only reaches after quite a lengthy period of mental reasoning. So while he is pondering laboriously, and saying nothing, Eve, having reached the goal, states her opinion forthwith. That's talking.

Another view put forward to account for women's greater talkativeness is that the sex, as a whole, is interested in little things, and the latter always claim a larger amount of chatter. That may be so—or not. Probably not. Talking is a gift, and women merely use it.

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Steering With Glycerine.

Glycerine has many uses besides those of a medicinal and domestic nature.

Nowadays glycerine is put to use in the steering of liners and battleships. In windjammer days the art of steering was from a mechanical point of view a simple operation, but often caused discomfort to helmsmen. The steering wheel, situated in the stern, was directly connected to the rudder by chains, and the steersman had to withstand the shock of the kicking rudder when struck by heavy seas. Nowadays the officer on the bridge of the ship, controls a rudder many tons in weight; a child could manipulate it, and glycerine is the agent.

Man-power is no longer employed for turning the heavy rudder; this operation is performed by a powerful steam engine placed above it at the stern of the ship. The function of the glycerine is to transmit power from the wheel on the bridge to the engine at the stern, two points which, on the largest liners, are hundreds of feet apart.

At the bridge end of the system is what is known as the steering telemotor, which consists essentially of a pump, and when the steering-wheel is revolved the glycerine is forced through small copper tubes to the stern of the vessel, where it actuates the telemotor. This, in turn, controls the steering engine.

Actually the working fluid is not composed entirely of glycerine, but contains a percentage of water, for glycerine alone is not only expensive but sluggish in its action.

Tell-Tale Nails.

If you have had much experience of hospitals, you may have noticed that when a street-illness case is brought in for treatment the house surgeon usually lifts the patient's hands and examines them. He is looking to see if the finger-nails hold any record of recent illness.

Should they do so, the tale told would be of great importance to him in his treatment of the case. A man who had recently had a severe attack of pneumonia would have peculiar transverse ridges on all his finger-nails. The surgeon would assume that the man's lungs were in a very delicate state, and he would be on the watch for complications. Typhoid fever also ridges and thins the nails.

Rheumatic fever will throw the finger-nails very sharply. They will look as though they had been cut across, and the marks will remain a considerable time.

Even in the case of a broken arm, the nails on the hand of the affected arm will tell the tale by their loss for quite eighteen months afterwards.

Military Force of Specialists.

It is the boast of the French Foreign Legion on which is falling the brunt of the campaign against the Riffs that it can put ten men from its own ranks to meet any emergency. Its commander once said that his men were capable not only of winning a war but of writing its history. On one occasion, when a new barracks was being erected, the Legion ranks supplied half a dozen qualified architects, and time and again on the battlefields, when the call has been for doctors, Legionaries have stepped forward and acknowledged their medical qualifications. Once, says tradition, when no priest was available to conduct a burial, the commandant appealed to the ranks, a man stepped forward and saluted. He had once been a bishop.

St. Gothard Tunnel.

The St. Gothard tunnel, in the Alps, which extends from Goshenen, in Ure, to Airolo, in Ticino, measures 9½ miles in length.

WHAT LONDON FOG IS LIKE.

Makes Big People Look Small, and Small People Look Big.

A Londoner, who knows whereof he writes, thus describes a fog in the world's metropolis:

Fog is the Great Deceiver.

It makes big people look small, small people look big, omnibuses look like fire-engines, and Rolls-Royces look like omnibuses.

But of all the places over which fog casts its yellow cloak, the great London termini—Euston, King's Cross, Waterloo and the others—look the most curious. You see only a yellow "blurge," through which taxi and ghostly porters move clumsily among other people's luggage. The lines of travellers can be seen with difficulty; inspectors lean against the fog and give bad-tempered answers to stupid people who did not ask the question being answered.

On the platforms it is worse. High above, the pall is black, round you it is pea-green. Bookstalls flare bravely behind innumerable "contents bills"; through steaming windows of indistinct Pullmans you see tables laid for lunch and children drawing with their stubby fingers on the panes; you glimpse a board on the carriage roofs: "Newcastle, Edinburgh, Aberdeen."

Aberdeen! Heavens! A world away on an ordinary day, but to-day!

Make your way stumblingly to the end of the platform. There is no engine yet. You look ahead, and the track gleams dimly in the light of a brazier swinging lazily from some workman's hand.

You can just distinguish great forests of signals in the murk—strange, evil, forbidding things.

A shape appears, headed by a light that slowly grows nearer. The clink clank of connecting-rods comes to you, and the hiss of steam. Then, suddenly, a Pacific locomotive, huge, terrible, and magnificent glides past you towards the waiting carriages.

A few minutes, and the shrill whistles of guards come through the fog. There is a great burst of steam, a hollow of anger from the Pacific, and slowly the trains moves past you into the Yellow Beyond.

"Newcastle, Edinburgh, Aberdeen." The Pullmans, scattering speed, glide on. Through the windows, faint and blurred, you see women doing puzzles and magazines, men lighting pipes.

In front, on the "plate," two keen-eyed, square-jawed men, holding the lives of all these hundreds in the palms of their hands, peer ever forward.

Stoves.

The ancients used stoves which concealed the fire, as the German stoves yet do. Rooms were also warmed by portable braziers. In England heating was secured by fire in an open grate and this method is still in common use, although it results in a great waste of fuel.

Fox Hunting.

Fox hunting as an organized sport in the Old Country dates back to the reign of Charles II.

BRICK-MAKING IN INDIA.

Used In Construction of Temples, Etc., Centuries Ago.

Long before the British arrived in India bricks were in common use in certain parts of the country, and in the construction of fortifications, temples, etc., large thin bricks were used. These were not unlike those used in ancient Europe.

According to the account handed down by Abul Fezl, the minister of Emperor Akbar, there were three kinds, known as "burnt, half-burnt, unburnt," the price for each of which was settled by the Emperor himself. But these bricks do not appear to have been quite satisfactory, for they did not stand the test of time in most cases.

One of the difficulties in making good bricks in India is the fact that it is found difficult to get the edges sharp and well defined, due to the use of moulds which are seldom well made. It is usual to manufacture the bricks near to the place where they are to be used, and in order to have the advantage of this proximity, it is not seldom that an inferior clay is used.

The introduction of European bricks is associated with the name of Mr. George Macdonald, who, in 1856, began his experiments by building a factory at Raniganj. This scheme did not succeed, for he failed to obtain Government support. But in 1858 Mr. J. H. Glass was more successful, for he managed to get the authorities to carry out an investigation into the value of certain clays in several districts. Messrs. Burn & Co., opened their works and their output a few years ago was about 30,000 bricks a day.

Round about Calcutta bricks are made in large quantities, and it is stated that that the largest brick factory in India, one situated at Akra, near Calcutta, turns out thirty millions a year.

Usually, when a contractor intends to build, he looks round to see if suitable clay can be found in the neighborhood. He then sends specimens to cut out the bricks, in the size most convenient for use. A kiln is then built on the spot and fired above and below, after which the whole is fired for several days. There is always considerable loss through incompletely burnt bricks, but in most paths, it is possible to supply at the rate of six or seven rupees per thousand. Transport is expensive, the price will be higher.

Her Own Master.

She was a widow and a very pretty one, whilst he was a bluff, good-hearted sailor, unused to the ways of folk who lived on land. All the same, he decided to propose to the lady of his dreams in his own way.

"Kath, dear," he said, "your boat is drifting down the stream of life with no strong hand to guide it safely past the rocks that line the way. Perhaps, Kath, I'd make a decent captain and sail it for you?"

I am sorry, Jack," she answered, with an engaging blush, but in a very firm voice, "I'm afraid you can't be. But you can be second-in-command if you like."

A Visit To Bay Street By The Sea

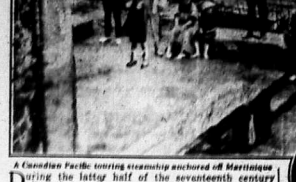
A Canadian Pacific touring steamship anchored off Martinique

During the latter half of the *seventeenth century* Port Royal, *Jamaica*, was the *wickedest spot on earth*. That was when the "Brethern of the Coast," bands of buccaneers and pirates, made their rendezvous there. Today, the remains of that spot stand away from the land, a dot on the deep, near the mouth of Kingston Harbour. There is a sandy beach which looks like molten gold in the sunshine. There is a wide lagoon which looks like molten glass in the moonlight. Palms, marshalled in orderly rows, like stakes in a flooded meadow, reach half-way down the lagoon. There is an ominous quiet and stillness which belies the scenes of the furious battles for gold, when long ago, mahogany-coloured men with cutlasses and forbidding looks, some in rags, others in silks, boarded proud Spanish galleons and took their wealth.

Jamaica is a land of springs and forests, where long before the white man set foot, the native Caribs loved the paradise in which they hunted, fished, and danced, made canoes and smoked the leaf of a plant named "cohiba." And, to signify the abundance of good things in the land, the Caribs called the island Xymaca.

The Canadian Pacific liner Montroyal, which left New York on January 28 for the first West Indies cruise this winter, is now carrying delighted tourists to this little island of happiness. The vessel also calls at the Bahamas, a long stretch of verdant islands, rising only about one hundred feet above the shore line.

There are about 3,000 islands in the group of Bahamas, but many of these are only tiny white coral outcroppings from the ocean. Among these is Watling's Island, the first spot of land that Columbus saw on his voyage of discovery. Nassau, the capital city, is a white, sunny place, with long avenues on which are planted rows of royal palms. The houses are like coloured illustrations from a book of fairy tales. All are low, but some are white, others pink, and some are even orange and blue.



A Jamaican native family

The magic of the Bahamas has found its way into the hearts of writers and poets. The coloured little houses, the gleaming streets, the sunny skies, the great, blue sea, many have attempted to picture faithfully. Mark Twain, the immortal American humorist, and Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet, are among these. Mr. Carman sings this song of the islands:

"What do you sell, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea?
Oh, turtle-shell is what I sell,
In great variety.
'Tis none of these, John Camplejohn,
Though curious they be,
But something more I'm looking for
In Bay Street by the sea.

"Where can I buy the magic charm
Of the Bahaman sea
That fills mankind with peace of mind
And soul's felicity?
Look from your door and tell me now
The color of the sea—
Where can I buy that wondrous dye
And take it home with me?"

So when the S.S. Montroyal returns from her trip to the West Indies, there will be so many more eager faces on board. All the way from Kingston, Bay Street by the sea, that there has been arranged another cruise from New York, sailing March 1.

WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE.

Inspector Luck and Detective Chance Were Irresistible.

Charles Kingston, author of "Dramatic Days in the Old Bailey," discussing a familiar subject, writes as follows in a London paper:

The late Melville Macnaughten came to the conclusion after a lifetime spent in criminal investigation after the greatest detective in the world was Inspector Luck. With him he associated Detective-Sergeant Chance. Sir Melville was wont to declare that these two officers were irresistible, and no one will disagree with him.

For days the police have been looking for the man who is supposed to have murdered Iris Watkins, waiting for chance to aid them. For no quantity of clues can compensate for the absence of a little luck. Nurse Moore, who was murdered nearly six years ago during a train journey from Victoria to St. Leonards, was discovered dying in circumstances which pointed to the speedy arrest of her assailant. Clues seemed plentiful enough, but they came to nothing, and which the tiniest grain of luck would have made exceedingly valuable.

Muller, who murdered Mr. Briggs and thereby became the first of the small band of train murderers, was traced and convicted chiefly because in his hurry to get away from his victim he unwittingly exchanged hats with him. Similarly a Frenchman went to the guillotine because he mistook his victim's umbrella for his own.

Give the average detective the assistance of Inspector Luck and Detective-Sergeant Chance, and by sheer hard work he may achieve a seeming miracle, though Scotland Yard does not believe in miracles and would find a genius uncomfortable and difficult to discipline. A genius might have solved some of the sixty-odd murder mysteries of the resent century which still await solution, but at the same time it is likely that he would also have brought about the conviction of the innocent.

Sir Robert Anderson, another one-time head of the C.I.D., explained the difference between the detective of fiction and the detective of real life succinctly when he pointed out that in the case of the former the lock was made to fit the key, whereas it was the reverse with the latter.

Some of the most sensational trials of recent years have had their origin in apparent trivialities, and justice, aided by luck, has been indicated more by spade-work than brain-work. A solicitor invites a professional rival to tea and presses on him a buttered scone which tastes queerly. The sequel is the execution of Armstrong for the murder by poisoning of his wife. Scotland Yard is invaded by a small party of music hall artists, who talk of a missing friend in much the same way that hundreds talk in the course of a year. But there happens to be something in what they say, and the result is the Crippen affair.

Then there was Seddon, who in his anxiety to become a man of property, poisoned Miss Barrow. There might have been no Seddon trial had it not been that he failed to carry out in its entirety a crime planned on the grand scale. The murderer displayed extraordinary nerve up to a certain point, but at that point it failed him, and he could not summon up the courage necessary to send an invitation to the funeral to the husbands of Miss Barrow's cousins. The omission created a resentful suspicion, and complaints to the authorities followed.

In all these cases—and it would be easy to multiply the list—pure chance plus hard work was the determining factor.

Island of St. Helena.

The Island of St. Helena was discovered by Commodore John de Nova Castella in 1502. It lies about midway between the continents of Africa and South America, and is 47 square miles in extent. Early in the seventeenth century the Dutch took possession and the English East India Company occupied the island in 1651. Since 1673 the island has been British. St. Helena is chiefly known as the place of exile of Napoleon Bonaparte, the tragedy of whose sojourn there has been the subject of many pictures and the inspiration of many celebrated writers.

THE COMPASS.

Magnetic Poles Are Not Situated at Geological Poles.

The invention of the compass is lost in the dawn of history, says Canadian Forest and Outdoors. It is first found mentioned in a quaint Chinese legend which relates that the Emperor Ho-ang-ti in 2634 B.C. led forth his army and attacked the rebel Khiang on the plains of Tohou-lou. But Khiang, getting the worst of the conflict, called the wizards, magicians and sorcerers to his aid who raised a great fog to hide Khiang and his army. Then the Emperor, not to be outdone, in his turn used the greater magic of the compass, which led his army through the great fog so that he was able to overcome Khiang and capture him.

The compass appears to have been brought to Europe in the twelfth century, most probably by the Arabians, as it is known that the Arabian and Chinese traders met in the Persian gulf; and on account of its very great practical value as a guide in all weathers, it rapidly came into general use and enabled Christopher Columbus to sail straight west from Spain, by day and by night, through fair and stormy weather, to the discovery of the New World.

But contrary to story book report, the compass does not point north, but more or less to the east or west at different places. Scientists state that this is because the magnetic poles of the earth are not situated at the geographical poles as shown on our maps of the world, that is, that the north magnetic pole is near Boothia Felix on the Arctic coast of Canada, and the south magnetic pole in South Victoria Land south from New Zealand.

It might be thought that the compass would be satisfied to call it a day's work after pointing in a different direction at each place, but such is not the case for it is all the time changing its direction and never stays put. It marches to the west for many years, then turns back and marches to the east, then reverses again and marches to the west, and in fact changes its mind more oft than any maiden fair, and carries on in a different way in each place. Whether this fickleness is caused by a wandering of the earth's magnetic poles, or by something happening inside the earth, or by the sun or planets, scientists have not yet been able to find out.

FAMOUS LITTLE RIVERS.

Thames Is "Liquid History"; Mississippi Is "Just Water."

The American accustomed to such rivers as the Mississippi and Missouri regards the Thames as scarcely more than a glorified brook; yet the Thames is "liquid history," while the Mississippi is "just water." The Nile is the most famous large river, but it does not surpass the tiny, insignificant Jordan, which is possibly the most famous river in the world.

To the Scot, the Tay cannot compete with "Bonnie Doon" or the Clyde with the tiny Ayr, because these streams are hallowed by the genius of Burns, the national poet.

One of the best-known streams in the world is the Swanee River, a tiny watercourse in Florida, which a composer chose because its sound fitted his song and sang sweetly. It is too small to be marked on anything but a large-scale map.

The Tweed, too, is celebrated in song and story, but it has two tributaries which excel it—the Twedd, the scene of Chevy Chase, and the Yarrow, the scene of the most famous of all Scottish ballads and the subject of two great poems by Wordsworth.

Into the Teviot runs an even tinier stream, the Ale Water, on the banks of which lived a certain "miller's daughter," whose sad fate has made thousands weep.

But all British rivers must yield pride of place to that lovely little tributary of the Severn, the Warwickshire Avon, because on its banks a boy walked—it is possible he swam and fished in its waters—who was destined to become the glory of his race and country, and to be called the Swan of Avon because of the deathless song he sang.

Division of Year Into Months.

Perhaps not every one is familiar with the reason why all months of the year have not the same number of days. Month really means "moon," and originally stood for a time from one full moon to the next. As man progressed a little, he began to take account of the year and to divide this second standard of reckoning into so many months. Since, however, the moon goes round the earth in 29 days, so many hours, minutes and seconds, while the true year consists of about 365 days and a bit, the months don't exactly divide properly, and the calendar got into hopeless confusion. To put this right, Julius Caesar consulted, with the most learned men of his day, and devised a new calendar giving the twelve months alternately 31 days and 30 days apiece with a special arrangement for February in Leap Year. This plan, however, was upset by the vanity of Augustus, the next emperor, who thought that the month called after him should have 31 instead of 30 days, and to get at this result rearranged the program in our present system of uneven months. Even so, the division of sun years by moon months wasn't exact, and so about a century and a half ago we had again to recast our calendar to meet the problem of what really an attempt to divide a sum which won't divide exactly.

A Golden Feather.

The feathers of the "golden pheasant" are a source of profit, being used in the manufacture of artificial flies for salmon fishing. These birds, natives of China, are the hardiest of the pheasant tribe, and are not at all troublesome to rear in this country.

Witchcraft In Mexico

A case in which witchcraft, sorcery, Yaquis Indian superstition intertwined with trickery, flattery and insanity, are mingled and, in the opinion of the police who intervened, one of the strangest problems in which their aid has ever been asked, now is officially recorded by a Guaymas, Mexico, correspondent of the New York Herald-Tribune. Guaymas residents have been astonished at the occurrences which took place in a private home there, reported by Jesus Ojeda, acting chief of police. Mrs. Rosario Rivera de Armenta, a widow, plays an unwilling role as an alleged witch, and in the stage setting of her adventure barely escaped with her life. She was badly beaten because she had failed to exercise her supposed sorcerer's powers to cure Carlota Hernandez, a girl of twenty-five, who is admittedly insane.

What the police were able to witness is substantiated by the statements made by Mrs. de Armenta since her beating at the hands of Carlota's relatives. Mrs. Damiana de Hernandez is owner of a home in the suburbs of the city, surrounded by an orange grove. She is the mother of five children, two of them sons, the other three women, all grown up and presumably intelligent and of sound mind, except Carlota. The latter has been convinced, and still is for that matter, that her malady is due to supernatural influences placed to be controlled by Mrs. de Armenta. The same belief is held by her family as well as some of the Hernandez neighbors. The entire family by their actions showed themselves convinced of the belief that Mrs. de Armenta had bewitched Carlota, and, once they were convinced of the necessary steps to free the girl of her illness, proceeded to act. The family gathered at the maternal home and were joined by Marcelina Pineda, an old Yaqui woman, Magdalena Vega and Virginia Lopez, all described as "civilized persons and of sound mind."

The conspiracy was then hatched, and consisted in enticing Mrs. Armenta to the house. Once there, she was forced into a room, all doors and windows being barred, and the Hernandezes and their accomplices, including demented Carlota, proceeded to carry out the scheme whereby Carlota was to regain her sound mind. Later, in the hospital, Mrs. de Armenta stated that "fourteen closed fists struck her at once," she was beaten and bruised, while seven voices shrieked at her "now, Damiana witch, vicious enchantress, you will cure Carlota." In desperation the victim defended herself as best she could against the uneven odds, while they yelled at her threats of death unless she made use of her supernatural powers. The results were obtained, and one of the women suggested that in order to obtain results it is necessary that blood flow." Antonia, a brother of Carlota, obeyed the summons and struck Mrs. Armenta, who described his young and beautiful, a hard blow on her mouth and face, which caused her lips and nose to bleed profusely. Then Carlota threw herself, moistened her hand with the blood, while others ripped Carlota's blouse open and Mrs. Rivera de Armenta received a cross from shoulder to shoulder and from neck to waist on her insane daughter's breast.

It was ruled by the torturers that, in order to obtain real results, the some performances would have to be gone through with for days later, and again two days after the second "ceremony" had been performed, Carlota was just sufficiently recovered to report for duty, glad at the opportunity offered her to make her escape. It was just one of the part of the proceedings that Chief of Police Ojeda put in an appearance and ended the torture.

The chief describes the room as it was prepared for the curative persuasion. About the edges of the floor were heaped small mid-shaped mounds of earth which had been brought direct from the Guaymas cemetery. A considerable portion of this earth had been mixed with water into a sort of clay and a number of the mounds stood from this earth in imitation of a crown about their heads. In one corner of the chamber burnt several candles, and the members of the party took turns performing genuflexions before the lighted candles.

One of them told Ojeda that, during the rites, a number of black butterflies had flown from the patient's mouth and that her body "stiffened visibly," as though she were endeavoring to "throw off" the evil in her. On the following day of the "ceremony," and while Ojeda was in his office pondering on just what law of the state covered the issue, the young man, well dressed and with all the indications of a normal person, entered his office and announced himself a relative of the Hernandez family, stating that, although he had not participated in the events of the previous day, he anxiously implored Ojeda that he allow Mrs. de Armenta to return to the Hernandez home for the appointed further "healing" of Carlota. The man begged on his knees that the chief should not interfere with their plans, which they considered as the only means possible to cure Carlota of her ailment.

ALMA GLUCK'S PROFITS.

"Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny" Brought Her a Fortune.

The theory that persons endowed with great artistic ability are never any good at business received a setback recently when Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist, well known to opera-goers of a few years ago by her maiden name, Alma Gluck, revealed that in the sale of her house at 101 East Seventy-second street she had made a profit of more than 130 per cent.

Mrs. Zimbalist, who is still a familiar figure on the concert stage, bought the place in 1919 on the royalties from more than 1,000,000 reproductions of a single phonograph record, "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny." Overcoming the vigorous opposition of her violinist husband, who maintained that "we have no earthly need of a twenty-one-room house on Park avenue," she said, she had paid down $137,000.

The building contained four stories and a basement on a lot 20 by 102 feet on the corner of Park Avenue and the seventy-third street. She spent $75,000 renovating it to conform with the tastes of herself and Mr. Zimbalist. Recently contracts were signed for its sale to Jerome C. and Mortimer G. Mayer and Shroder & Koppel at a price of $500,000, she said.

"The offer of this sum was one of the most thrilling surprises of my life," she said. "'Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny' looked like a hen that laid golden eggs from the time I recorded it in 1914. But I had no idea it would lay such a whopper as that. Now I'm looking forward for new worlds to conquer. Zimbalist buys 'Strads' for $50,000. He says they will be worth a quarter of a million in fifty years. But this looks better to me."

Since the time when a single record netted her enough to buy a private house on Park avenue, receipts from royalties had fallen off precipitously, she said, and all because of the radio. "The radio is a nuisance," she declared. "They are perfectly darn foolish things to have around, and, besides the squawks, most of what one hears over them is terrible," she said she had one.—New York Times.

BEASTS THAT BLUNDER.

Instinct of Beasts and Birds Often Err.

People are always talking of the senses of beasts and birds. Yet instinct often errs.

You would certainly think that instinct would warn an animal against poison, says a writer in a London paper. Yet horses and cattle are constantly killed by eating yew, saffron, and other plants, while in America the loco-weed is even more harmful.

I have myself seen a hen pick up and swallow a rusty old gramophone needle. The bird died, and a number of these needles were found inside her body. The other day I watched a dog with a bone which she did not want. For some time she carried it about the room, then at last left it in the corner and went through all the motions of digging a hole and covering it up. Then she left it, evidently quite convinced that it was safely hidden. I have seen a tame squirrel do exactly the same thing with nuts.

Another dog, a spaniel, having retrieved a shot rabbit, was bringing it to me when he came to a fence. He found a hole where one paling was missing and tried to push his way through the gap. He pushed with all his might, but the rabbit, with crossways in his mouth, prevented his passage, and it never occurred to him to drop his burden and carry on it through endways.

Newly-hatched caterpillars have so little sense that they will starve to death on the outside skeleton of a mulberry leaf instead of leaving it for a fresh leaf close alongside. And for centuries small birds have "mothered" the cuckoo under the impression that it is the hawk.

The Course of True Love.

"Clarence Spradd has had a spat with that 'ere plump Guggles girl," related Burt Blurt of Petunia. "He bought one of these fashionable, thin-legged suits of clothes with a belt and a pucker in the back, and expected it would make him look like the swell young fellers in the advertising columns of the newspapers. And the Guggles girl said he looked more like a comic picture in another part of the same paper. He up and told her he'd rather be hung than to marry her, and she said she'd rather he would be."—Kansas City Star.

Can Opener Makes Good Needle.

Many cans used for packing meat and other food products are operated by means of a small handle or key, which has an eye for receiving a strip of tin and winding it up. These keys are always furnished with one end usually thrown away as the can is opened. Should a large needle for sewing blankets or bunting be required, a splendid one may be made by straightening out one of these keys and filing the end down to a point.

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YES PA CEDRIC SAYS YOUR-ER-FIGURE IS AGAINST YOUR WEARING YOUR NEW CLOTHES PROPERLY — YOU'VE TOO MUCH STOMACH!
BUT THE DEAR BOY THINKS HE'S FOUND A WAY TO CORRECT THINGS AND I AM GOING TO SEE THAT YOU GIVE IT A FAIR TRIAL! WEAR THIS!
QUICK ACTION
OWOO!
AW—I SAY!
THIS SORT O' THING'S GOIN' T' BE STOPPED RIGHT NOW! IT'S GONE-TOO BLAMED FAR!
CEDRIC'S ROOM
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BY WELLINGTON

Artful Dodger of India

There are artful dodgers in India as well as in other parts of the world, and their modus operandi is as varied as their tribe, says a writer in a Calcutta paper.

It ranges from the crudities of the "snapper up of unconsidered trifles" to the highly polished methods of a veritable Raffles. In some instances, the ingenuity, resourcefulness and daring is such that it commands admiration, however much one may condemn the deed.

Of the many confidence tricks which are familiar to travellers in the East, the two following incidents, for which I am indebted to a friend of mine, appear to me to be typical of the cool and daring with which these artful dodgers ply their craft in the streets of India's busiest cities.

The incidents which I am about to recount took place in two of India's premier cities which pride themselves on their progressive municipal activities and vigilant police.

Out of the swirling tide of vehicular and pedestrian traffic which is characteristic of Indian streets, a fairly respectable-looking man dismounted from his cycle and wheeling it to a native confectioner's shop which bordered on the street, asked whether he could make him five hundred indian balls of sweetpea and if so, what it would cost. On being told that it would cost about ten rupees, he paid the money and asked the shopkeeper to proceed immediately to make them as he was in a hurry to catch his train.

Then walking across the street to a silversmith, he bought a few rings to the value of Rs. 250. He ran through his pockets in a vain search for money and then discovering, with feint surprise that he had none, he asked the silversmith to accompany him to the hulvie's shop as he had given him a currency note for Rs. 500 in change for him. The silversmith accompanied him, congratulating himself on his good fortune at having sold his rings at fancy prices.

On approaching the shop our cheerful dindustrie asked the shopkeeper in vernacular whether he had got "it," and on being told "no" by the engrossed shopkeeper, who was busy making the sweets, he sauvely said, "Oh, all right, give this man 250 as soon as you've got it ready and keep the balance for me."

Then mounting his cycle he soon disappeared in the surging tide of traffic. The silversmith, having waited some time asked the shopkeeper whether he had have the money.

"Money?" asked the shopkeeper in astonishment. "What money do you mean?"

"Why, Rs. 250. Didn't your customer tell you just to give me 250," replied the silversmith, expressing undisguised surprise at the obtuseness of the shopkeeper.

"But he only ordered 500 indoos and asked me to give you 250," replied the shopkeeper.

"The scoundrel," broke out the onlooker who was now pelting with abuse, as he ran to the nearest police station to report the matter.

The second incident, of greater ingenuity was displayed by our Jeremy Diddler. A palankin was hired for a Begum who was taken to the door of a palatial house. The bearers were then told to turn their backs so as to enable the Begum to enter the palankin unobserved. While the bearers' backs were turned a heavy stone was rolled into the palankin and the curtains let down.

Then the bearers were told to take the palankin to the city, as the Begum Sahib was expected to make some purchases. After wandering about from shop to shop aimlessly but ostensibly in search of a particular article which was not available in the whole town, the trickster, accompanied by the palankin, came to a jeweller's shop.

Here the three fashionably dressed in lavish undertones that the Begum Sahib, who possessed riches untold, was desirous of purchasing some very expensive rings and asked the shopkeeper to produce the most valuable rings he had in his shop for the Begum's choice. Then, taking the rings from the jeweller in his hand, he parted the curtains of the palankin and carefully let the rings inside, ostensibly to the Begum.

After some whispered conversation with the imaginary Begum Sahib, he asked whether there was any water available near by, as the Begum was feeling thirsty. On being told that there was a tap round the corner, he put his head inside the curtains and brought out an earthern ware goblet in which reposed the rings and the jeweller and his shop disappeared round the corner, never to reappear.

Having waited in vain for the return of the trickster, the jeweller persuaded some of the women passers-by to speak to the Begum. No response being forthcoming to their enquiries, they opened the curtains cautiously—to discover a huge stone reposing in the palankin in place of the supposed Begum Sahib.

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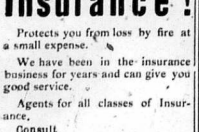

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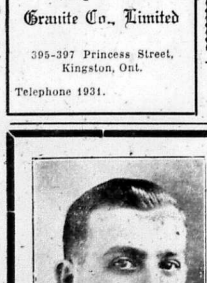

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A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

Public Worship at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., will be conducted by the Pastor.

9.30—Class meeting

11.45—Sunday School and Bible Classes.

Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.

Wednesday, 7.30 p. m.—Mid-week Prayer and Praise service and S. S. Lesson.

The Sunday evening services during February and March will be preceded by congregational singing of the old hymns. This will begin at 6.45 promptly.

Hyacinth Bulbs.

Large bulbs, mixed colors. We are clearing out the balance of our stock at 5c. each. Plant now for Easter bloom.

GEO. E. WINTER.

Passed Away in Belleville.

Mrs. Eleanor A. Row, wife of Henry A. Row, Belleville, passed away at her home on Thursday morning. Deceased was born in the township of Huntingdon in 1856 and was the third daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ryan. Mrs. S. Casey Denison and Miss Susan Ryan, Napanee, are sisters.

St. Mary Magdalene Bible Class.

A Bible Class in connection with St. Mary Magdalene Church Sunday School has been organized, with the following officials :

Presidents—Russel Stevens.

Secretary—John Grange.

Treasurer—John Daly.

Committee—James Plumley, Wm. Fair, Cecil Grass, Wm. Powell, F. Pringle, R. Fraser, C. Harrison.

Lennox Liberals.

A meeting of the Liberals of Lennox was held in the Town Hall, on Friday last. Owing to the state of the roads and the inclemency of the weather it was impossible for the farmers to attend and an adjourned meeting will be held in the Town Hall, on Friday, the 12th, at 2 p.m., when the election of officers and other business will be proceeded with. Hon. Nelson Parliament of Picton, will be present and address the meeting.

Hockey

A good crowd attended the arena on Friday evening to witness the hockey match between Napanee and Gananoque. The teams were very evenly matched and played good hockey. At the end of the first period the score was one all. In the second period Napanee team again scored and in the third period neither team scored. In the overtime Napanee team scored, still making it tie—3-3.

The line-up was as follows :

Gananoque—Goal Wiley ; defence, Smith and Glack ; centre, Young, wings, Wiley and McDonald ; subs., Knapp, Bishop.

Napanee—Goal, Fraser ; defence, Bentley and Frith ; centre, Kirby ; wings, Naphin and Johnson ; subs., Huffman and Shoemaker.

Referee—Ivan Spencer.

The visitors were entertained at the conclusion of the game.

Moscow W. I.

The regular meeting of the Moscow W. I. was held on Feb. 4 at the home of Mrs. W. Jackson. The roll call was answered by 'Labor Saving Hints on Mending.' A good program followed, consisting of gramophone and violin music by Mr. W. Jackson ; splendid current events paper by Mrs. F. Darling ; and interesting reading by Mrs. L. Eckard. These items being interspersed with community songs. It was decided to have the summer lecture speak in the church with a short program and refreshments. Arrangements were also made for a bazaar and play, also in June, the proceeds in aid of a Community Hall. The members are to be very glad to receive donations for the bazaar from anyone in the community interested in this worthy object. Committees were selected for the various committees and an autograph quilt arranged for. A humorous address was read by Mrs. Jackson and a call-bell was presented by Mrs. Lampkin. These two ladies, both of Toronto on the date of the last meeting, purchased the bell while thinking of their Moscow friends of the W. I. After the business meeting the hostess assisted by the capable lunch committee served a plentiful supply of cake, coffee and sandwiches, which were thoroughly enjoyed. The next meeting is on March 4th, at the home of Mrs. Alf. M. Bell.

Simple Logic

The earl of Pontarrington, who was one of the first to volunteer for service during the railway strike in England, relates the following story: A boy scout on duty at one of the London termini, feeling the pangs of hunger about eleven o'clock one morning began a vigorous attack on a substantial lunch he had brought with him. A gentleman passing by was moved to remark : "My boy, if you eat much now you won't have any appetite for your dinner." To which the smart little fellow replied: "Well, I guess if I haven't any appetite I shan't want any dinner." The gentleman had no more to say.

Season of Peril.

At this season of the year it is folly to enter your bedroom without turning on the light. Also do not attempt to sit on the edge of the bed unless you are sure the bed is there, for this is house-cleaning time and the women folks may have decided to put the bed on the other side of the room this year, so it is well to be careful, for you never can tell.—Knox Messenger.

That Dose Should Be Effective.

"What are you treating me for, doctor?"

"Loss of memory. You have owed me a bill of $99 for two years."—Boston Transcript.

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(Presbyterian)

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Minister :

Rev. H. G. Richardson, B.A.

Hours of Sunday services—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Seats free.

All are cordially invited.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church—Sunday School 10.00 a.m. ; Public worship 11 a.m. ; Ladies' Aid, Wednesday, 2.30 p.m.

Bethel Church : Public worship 2.30 p.m.

Hay Bay Church : Ladies' Aid Thursday, 2.30 p.m.

Gretna Church : Public worship, 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

10.30—Holy Communion.

10.30—Morning Prayer.

12.00—Sunday School.

7.00—Confirmation service sermon by the Bishop of Ontario.

WHO INVENTED RADIO.

Prof. Hughes Gave Practical Demonstration In 1879.

Prof. Henry J. Spooner, F.G.S., in a letter to Wireless, explains the pioneer work done by the late Prof. David Edward Hughes, F.R.S., in the development of wireless.

"Hughes, using an interrupter and a small battery as the transmitter, and a carbon microphone as a detector, succeeded in performing some very interesting experiments in wireless transmission and reception. He was, however, discouraged," states Wireless.

"It is a long story of intensive research in this fascinating field which led up to the triumph of successful aerial transmission in December, 1879, when, at the invitation of Hughes, a small party, including W. H. Preece, F.R.S., Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., Sir W. Robert Anstin, F.R.S., Prof. W. Gryll Adams, F.R.S., and Mr. W. Groves, attended at his residence in Portland Street W., to see the results," writes Prof. Spooner.

"This was followed by another demonstration on Feb. 20, 1880, when the party included Mr. Spottiswoode, Pres. R.S., and the two Hon. Secretaries of the R.S.—Prof. Huxley and Sir George G. Stokes. They all saw the experiments upon aerial transmission, which were quite successful, the results being heard upon a telephone in connection with the receiving microphone.

"The transmitter and receiver were in different rooms, about sixty feet apart. At first the distinguished scientists seemed astonished at the results, but toward the close of three hours' experiments Prof. Stokes said that all the results could be explained by known electro-magnetic inductions effects, and therefore he would not consider these effects of actual aerial electric waves, unknown up to that time, but thought he had quite enough original matter to form a paper on the subject to be read at the Royal Society.

"On the departure of the distinguished visitors, Hughes became so upset and discouraged at his inability to convince Stokes of the truth of these aerial electrical waves that he declared nothing would induce him to read a paper on the subject, and he never did. In fact, he felt so much wounded and annoyed that he was on the point of throwing a large pile of manuscripts relating to these discoveries on the fire when Mrs. Hughes rushed forward, and was just in time to rescue them.

"The profound Cambridge mathematician little knew how this one great, unfortunate mistake in his brilliant life was going to retard the progress of a great discovery and invention for nearly two decades; for, although Hughes continued his work, he drifted into researches on magnetism, and was content to sit and see others rediscover what he already knew, without making a single claim to priority; but is it not sad to think of how much his golden silence cost the world?"

AUSTRALIA'S FOREST SCHOOL.

To Convert Into Forests Half a Million Square Miles.

The Federal Government of Australia have decided to establish a forestry school in the Federal Capital Territory, and will bear the cost of erecting the buildings, maintenance and salaries of the teaching staff. This is one of the most significant and promising events in the recent history of Empire silviculture, for the establishment of this school will complete the organization of forestry in the great area of Australia. Each of the six States already has the nucleus of a Forestry Department, but there was no link between them and in no State was the training and education of forest officers properly developed. The Federal Government itself had no Forestry Department, and no forest officer until Mr. Hughes, the late Prime Minister, appointed Mr. Lane-Poole as a forestry adviser to the Federal Government and commissioned him to investigate the forests of the interior of New Guinea. The actual territory, for the afforestation of which the Federal Government is responsible, consists of half a million square miles in the Northern Territory, the Pacific Dependencies, and the area around the new Federal capital. These lands may ultimately prove to have a high silviculture value, for even the comparatively insignificant Norfolk Island has yielded some most valuable timber.

Getting Under the Thames.

Unknown to many Londoners who pass over the bridges of the Thames on their way to work each morning, a huge tunnel is being bored under the bed of the river. The final drilling has been done, and a clear way from south to north established. After that, the tunnel will have to be lined, however, and this will not be finished until this year. No fewer than 27,000 tons of cast-iron will be used in the lining process. Boring operations have been carried on from both sides of the river, and the greatest care and accuracy is required to "link up" properly. The object of the excavation is to link the Kennington underground railway to that at Charing Cross.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.

10.30—Morning Service.

11.45 Church School and Bible Classes.

6.30 p.m.—Organ recital.

7.00 p.m.—Public Worship.

Monday, 7.30—Church School Young People's Section.

Wednesday, 7.30—Mid-week session of the Church School. (Adult Section).

LOSS OF HISTORIC TREASURES.

Quickening Stream of Objects of Art, Etc., Leaving Britain's Shores.

Discussing the loss of Great Britain's historic treasures, Lieut.-Commander J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P., writes to a London paper:

An enterprising citizen of the United States has bought the historic Warwick Priory. The edifice is to be demolished and the stones re-erected in their original form on the purchaser's property in America.

For some years there has been a quickening stream of objects of art, rare pictures, and historical relics leaving the shores, mostly bound for the United States. The great collection of the late Lord Leverhulme has been taken en masse to New York. And with the development of the Argentine and Brazil, Latin American millionaires are also turning their attention to the treasures of the Old World.

Where is the thing going to stop? Are the remaining paintings of Reynolds, Joshua Reynolds to be shipped out of the country? Are speculators to be allowed to buy the house in which Burns was born at Ayr, Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford, Ann Hathaway's cottage, and Carlyle's house in Chelsea, and move them piecemeal across the Atlantic?

Is an enterprising patron of the living to be allowed to sell the brasses of the Crusaders in Cobham Church, or a poverty-stricken Dean and Chapter of the future to dispose of the stained glass in York Cathedral? Why not sell Warwick Castle itself. Carnarvon Castle, the finest example of a mediaeval fortress in Europe, is Government property. It and Stonehenge might be used to wipe out a substantial portion of our debt to the United States. There is no difference of principle, but only of degree, between such sales and the sacking of Warwick Priory.

Italy is not more than twice rich; but there is a law to prevent the export of her finest works of art. I believe support could be obtained for a short Act of Parliament to prevent the further drain of our artistic and historical treasures. A strong committee could include all artistic and historical objects into three classes. The export of those of the first class should be prohibited for all time. And a heavy export tax should be placed upon all those in the second class. The export of those in the third class should be encouraged. Profits will leap to the mind of everybody.

Let the wealthy art patrons from across the Atlantic have the joy of acquisitiveness, even if we do have to sell some of our heritage for a mess of dollars.

OUR GERMAN TRADE.

Canada Exports $24,234,685; Imports $6,772,590.

In the expansion of Canadian foreign trade nothing has been more striking than the development of commerce between the Dominion and Germany. In 1910, when this trade was regarded as well established, Canada exported to Germany goods amounting to $2,065,768 and imported from Germany goods valued at $7,935,220.

The war put an end to this business, but commercial relations were resumed immediately after peace came, and in 1920 Canadian exports to Germany reached $8,215,337, with imports amounting to $1,547,688. Since then there has been a steady and rapid growth until in the last fiscal year Canada sold to Germany to the extent of $24,234,685, and bought from that country the dominion of $6,772,590. Not only has the volume of trade grown enormously, but the favorable balance has shifted from Germany's column in the ledger to Canada's column.

Canada's exports consisted of agricultural and vegetable products valued at $18,000,000, animal products valued at $2,500,000, while nonferrous metals and non-metallic minerals formed a considerable item. Germany sent to the Dominion among other products fibres, textiles and chemicals. In cereals Germany takes constantly increasing quantities of wheat and flour.—New York Sun.

The Juggernaut.

The Juggernaut is the name of a Hindu god whose home is at the town of Puri, not very far south of Calcutta. Every year, in the month of June or July, this god, in image, is hauled away to his summer home about a mile distant in a huge car drawn by the people. This is one of the principal of the many religious ceremonies in his honor, and the crowds attending it are so dense that accidents sometimes occur—hence the story that the Juggernaut is a huge car which, on religious festival days, is drawn through the streets of Indian cities and before which religious fanatics in great numbers cast themselves in order to be crushed to death.

Long-Bell Reforestation.

A comprehensive program of reforestation to effect reseeding at a rate equal to the progress of denudation, and following within three years after logging, has been announced by the Long-Bell Lumber Company. Experiments in direct seeding will be conducted, and such other species as redwood, bigtree, Port Orford cedar, and white pine, will be tried on a commercial scale, to supplement the native Douglas fir, hemlock and red cedar. A large forest nursery will be established near Ryderwood, centre of logging operations for the Long-Bell Lumber Co. —B. C. Lumberman.

The Songs He Preferred.

Miss Skreecher: "What songs do you like best, Mr. Supher?"

Mr. Supher: "The songs of the seventh century!"

"How odd! Why do you prefer them?"

"Because nobody ever sings 'em nowadays."

Talks to Herself.

Jiggs: "My wife talks to herself all the time."

Riggs: "Is that so? I wish mine would."

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS, TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS

FULL LINE OF FUNERAL EQUIPMENT

WALL PAPERS, WINDOW SHADES

SHEPHERD BECAME A PRINCE

Emir Feisal of Arabia Seemed an Altogether Negligible Object in His Early Life.

Emir Feisal of Arabia began life as a dirty little shepherd boy. His mother was an Arabian girl of Mecca and a cousin of his father. When Feisal was still a baby Shereef Hussein sent him into the desert to live with a Bedouin tribe, because it is considered more wholesome for a boy to grow up in the open desert country than in a city or village. In Constantinople Feisal contracted consumption, writes Lowell Thomas in Asia, but since then the desert has taken it out of him, although he is still very thin and has a waist only 21 inches in circumference. He smokes cigarettes day and night and eats sparingly. Among the tribes he is celebrated as an unusually fine shot and a good horseman and camel rider. Feisal is enlightened and thoroughly modern in his views. His people follow him, not through fear, but because they love him. He is much too kind and liberal-minded to rule as an oriental despot of the old school and he may be depended upon to usher in an entirely new order of things for his people.

Wouldn't Wash.

Chatting with Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous antarctic explorer, he told me that one of the best stories he has heard concerns a famous artist.

He was showing a lady visitor over his studio one day and produced a charming little landscape, indicating that there was a story behind it. "I was out in the forest," he explained, "I had all my materials with me except an empty canvas. I came upon a subject that enchanted me, and felt I must record it. I was determined not to be baffled, so I took out my handkerchief, stretched it across my case, and painted on that."

The lady looked at the handkerchief and then turned a shocked face to the artist. "You'd never be able to wash that paint out!" she said.—London Tit-Bits.

YOUNG WIFE AFRAID TO EAT ANYTHING

"I was afraid to eat because I always had stomach trouble afterwards. Since taking Adlerika I can eat and feel fine." (Signed) Mrs. A. Howard. ONE spoonful Adlerika removes GAS and often brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stops that foul, bloated feeling. Removes old waste matter from intestines and makes you feel happy and hungry. Excellent for obstinate constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

"We that fear the Lord, praise Him ; all ye, the seed of Jacob, glorify Him and fear Him all ye seed of Israel. For He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted ; neither hath He hid his face from him ; but when he cried unto him he heard. My praise shall be of thee in the great congregation, I will pay my vows before them that fear him," Ps. 22 : 23-25.

Why will you do without Him ?

Is He not kind indeed ? .

Did He not die to save you ?

Is He ot all you need ?

A BIBLE LOVER.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

William Desmond and a company that includes three hard-boiled cowboys, somewhat out of their element, furnish some fine entertainment in "RIDIN' PRETTY." Universal picture.

Also a funny two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Tom Mix, according to report, has packed an unusual number of thrills into his latest William Fox starring vehicle, "THE RAIN-BOW TRAIL," and is even more thrilling than "Riders of the Purple Sage," to which it is a sequel.

And a good comedy.

And other reels.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

"BLIND HUSBANDS," heralded as one of the screen's greatest classics by many critics, was written, directed and starred in all by one man, Eric von Stroheim Universal de Luxe production.

Also a special Comedy.

Wednesday night only, Normile's Orchestra.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

WHAT THE SIRENS SAY.

Mariners Talk to One Another By Means of a Code.

Even if a person lives by the sea, he may not understand the mysterious messages shouted by ship's sirens on foggy nights. The blasts may be long or short, but one cannot decipher them unless he knows the secret.

Mariners of all nationalities talk to one another by means of an international code, but a siren does not always convey a detailed message. Often only a general warning is given. Danger of collision is reduced if the captain of a ship knows the intentions of a nearby vessel. When two ships loom out of the fog, they usually carry on a conversation consisting of one, two, or three blasts on the horn. One long hoot means: "I am heading to starboard." When a captain hears two blasts he knows that the second ship is heading to port, while three blasts tell him, "My engines are set full astern."

Have you ever heard, on a foggy night, two long wailing blasts with an interval of about two minutes between? Steamers that have broken down and are unable to move out of the way of other vessels use this signal.

Sometimes the hoots are followed by the ringing of a bell. This is the warning signal of a ship at anchor, such as a fishing vessel with its nets out. When a captain hears these sounds he knows that the responsibility of avoiding collision rests on him.

You can easily distinguish the hoots of a steamer from those of a sailing ship, for the three blasts of the steam siren is quite distinct from the wailing note of the old foghorn used on sailing ships. Formerly, all the common messages were given a number, and by signalling them and referring to a key book lengthy conversations took place during fog. Radio has now displaced most other methods of communication at sea.

M. MAKER

Is still in Business

All goods are being offered at Factory Prices or less

We can save you from 20% to 30%

We are giving Free with each purchase amounting to $5.00, a Broom, value 50c.

Maxwell Car in good condition and running order, and Baby Carriage and Baby Walker for sale cheap.

CALL AT

MAKER'S

AND SAVE MONEY!

NOTICE

Wm. Howitt is carrying a large stock of

Choice Floral Designs

For Funerals

See the display in the window at the Marble Works.

Wreaths or Sprays at any price you wish.

Phone calls promptly attended to.

Howitt's, Napanee

Phone 174.

FOR Rheumatism

BAYER ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Rheumatism Colds Neuritis Neuralgia
Headache Pain Toothache Lumbago

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

NO HELP FROM THE DOCTOR

Abundant Reason for the Depression That Was Manifested in the Golf Bug's Attitude.

The golf bug has a sad face. He is plainly out of sorts. Something is the matter with him. He has just come from the doctor's office where he has undergone a thorough physical examination. He is sore and depressed, but not from what the doctor found, but from what he refused to find.

"You are all right," said the learned physician. "You are as sound as a nut."

That was a little joke the golf bug did not enjoy.

"Are you sure that I am in first-class condition?" he asked.

"Absolutely."

"Is my blood pressure normal?"

"Perfect."

"Heart regular?"

"Heart O. K."

"Lungs clear?"

"As a bell."

"Liver in good working order?"

"Splendid."

"No trace of neuritis?"

"Not a bit."

"Am I not bordering on a nervous breakdown?"

"See no indication of it."

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry, man; what for?"

"I thought surely you'd dig up some good excuse for me to go away. Now I'll have to be honest and say I'm going South simply because I want to play golf."—Detroit Free Press.

Ancient Cornerstone Laying.

The custom of laying the cornerstone of a public building with ceremonies was practiced by the ancients. At the laying of the cornerstone when the capitol of Rome was rebuilt a procession of vestal virgins, robed in white, surrounded the stone and consecrated it with libations of living water. A prayer to the gods followed, and then the magistrates, priests, senators and knights laid hold of the ropes and moved the mighty stone to its proper position. In a hollow cut in the stone were placed ingots of gold, silver and other metals which had not been melted in any furnace. With the Jews the cornerstone was considered an emblem of power, and they also performed ceremonies at its laying. In medieval times the rite was taken up by the order of Freemasons and has by them been brought down to modern days, the Masonic ceremony of laying a cornerstone being symbolical.

Brick

Special Prices to clear out the yard.

W. H. J. HAINES
TAMWORTH, - ONTARIO
24-tf

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE
LIMITED
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
(58TH YEAR)

Qualifies students to succeed as Bookkeepers, Accountants, Stenographers, Typists and Private Secretaries: also for Civil Service examinations.
O. B. C. holds the highest reputation for thoroughness, efficiency and reliability.
Write for free illustrated catalogue.

J. L. MOORE, Principal.
jan-23

Feed Grinding

On Saturday, Oct. 11th

we opened the well-known

WATER POWER MILLS AT MILLHAVEN

for Custom Grinding.

M. R. MIDMER.

SEA-KING'S DAUGHTER

WON AFFECTION BY MANY ACTS OF KINDNESS.

Alexandra Was a Living Protest Against Foibles of So-called Smart Set—Spent Large Part of Income on Charities.

When a sovereign dies it is customary to say that the deceased was mourned by the nation. In the case of the Queen-Mother, Alexandra, however, this is more than an empty phrase, for Queen Alexandra succeeded to an unusual degree in capturing the affections of the British peoples.

She won that affection by her many spontaneous acts of kindness and thoughtfulness, that evidently sprang from her own mind, and were not the suggestions of a competent aide. Moreover, although she was the wife of a monarch upon whose dominions the sun never set she retained the simple habits in which she had been bred as a Danish princess. Her father's income was so small that the girls had to make most of their own clothing and on coming in from a walk were wont to change their pretty dresses and don serviceable and less spoilable house overalls.

Indeed, Alexandra's skill in domestic affairs and her thrifty spirit endeared her to Queen Victoria, and enabled her to win the affection of British women of all classes. She was brought up in a home where love had triumphed over poverty and never ceased to have an understanding of the problems of the average family.

As wife of the Prince of Wales, and later as Queen Consort, Alexandra was a living protest against the foibles and extravagancies of the so-called smart set. Chiefly she set her face against the wearing of opera feathers and she gave full permission that her name be used in any way in which it might help in the protection of those birds.

King Edward was always good-humoredly remonstrating with his wife for giving away large part of her income in charities, and probably was sometimes imposed upon by unscrupulous people with clever tales who would not have deceived the wiser "Teddy." Queen Alexandra's charity, however, was not of the simple cheque-writing nature. She herself investigated the cases that came under her notice. Many times in the days of the Queen's kindnesses; of the little seamstress who was saving her scanty earnings to buy a sewing machine and the friendless old woman her falling sight, and who found a machine left at her home as a "Christmas gift from a donor;" an old woman and her son had built up a trade as a carrier and then the son died and the frail old man, years of patient endeavor seemed to be entirely lost, when one day the old widow received a note and a donkey from her Queen who, all unknown, had taken the trouble to enquire into her case.

Alexandra was well known for her gifts to hospitals and 26th June, the anniversary of her first landing in England, is known as Flag Day in London, for on that day by her wish and appointment, millions of roses are sold on the streets of the city and the proceeds handed over to hospitals.

During the South African war she insisted on sending out nurses to the troops before the War Office had done so. She despatched 26 from a London hospital and telegraphed Lord Roberts, commander-in-chief, that they were coming. Afterwards she insisted that hospital trains and their arrangements be overhauled, and she started the Queen Alexandra Imperial Nursing Service, attending herself all preliminary examinations.

Once when Queen Alexandra was visiting a London hospital her attention was drawn to an ailing child.

"Where do you live?" enquired the Queen of the child.

"Near Whitegates," answered the child, naming a famous London department store. "Where do you live?"

Knowing that Buckingham Palace would mean nothing to the humble little invalid, Queen Alexandra smilingly replied: "Near Gorrings," naming another big store which is not far from Buckingham Palace.

No worthy charity was ever ignored by her. Even in the early years she was the Princess of Wales she really carried most of the public obligations which would naturally have been Queen Victoria's. The aged queen, Victoria, was so saddened by her husband's death that she gladly turned over most of her social obligations to the Prince of Wales and his wife.

Nor did Alexandra forget her native land. Danish artists mourn a true friend. She always went out of her way to help Danish them and many of their successes in painting and music were due to her interest and the introductions she gave them. She always rejoiced in helping the men and women of her native land.

Those who assisted her in charity work say they often had to use much diplomacy to keep her benevolence within the limits of her budget. One of these assistants once predicted that Queen Alexandra would die comparatively poor because she gave everything away.

Many instances might be cited of the manner in which Queen Alexandra appealed to the imagination of the British people, but probably the Dorando incident is most typical. During the Olympic games in London the Marathon race was won by an Italian named Dorando, who staggered into the arena in a state bordering upon collapse, only to be disqualified by the judges on some technical point. The matter aroused tremendous interest in England and even though the judges could not award the prize to Dorando yet he was considered the most plentiful one. Then Queen Alexandra touched the popular imagination and endeared herself to all by personally presenting Dorando with a cup as a sort of consolation prize.

Such was the sea-king's daughter from over the sea, who as a girl is said to have wished "I should like above all things to be queen."

Wine as a Cordial.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century wine was sold in England as a cordial, and this continued for some time, although there is mention of "wine for the king" as early as the time of King John, who signed Magna Charta at Runnymere on June 15, 1215.

Lobster With Milk.

"Waiter, bring me some broiled lobster and a glass of milk."

"Beg pardon, sir; but we don't serve lobsters with milk."

"Why not?"

"Because the cows object."

Do you take Yeast for your health?

If so, use ROYAL YEAST CAKES—the standard of quality for over 50 years.

Soak a cake of Royal Yeast, with a little sugar, in tepid water over night. Stir well, strain and drink the liquid. Flavor is improved by adding the juice of an orange.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

HUMAN HAM OVER HIS HEAD.

Sir Harry Johnston Had Exciting Time In South Africa.

One of the best adventure tales in Sir Harry Johnston's account of his life in South Africa, as traveller and administrator, describes how he made a treaty with cannibals, who at first were inclined to eat him and his escort, but were decided to be friendly:

A horde of excited people armed with guns and spears waded out into the river and compelled the canoe to stop, in fact dragged it summarily into shallow water. Three or four lusty savages pulled me out of the canoe, mounted me on the shoulders of the biggest, and carried me off at a run to the town, where I was put in a hut with the door open.

Here I had to submit to be stared at for an hour by hundreds of inquisitive savages, unaware as to the patient endeavor seemed to be entirely lost, when one day the old widow received a note and a donkey from her Queen who, all unknown, had taken the trouble to enquire into her case.

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SUPPLYING WORLD WITH PETS.

British Export Trade In Dogs Is Booming.

Pessimists may be glad to learn, says Tit-Bits, that in at least one department of export trade Britain still maintains an unchallenged lead. In other words, the export trade in dogs is booming; as dog-breeders the Old Country is supreme.

Quite fittingly we excel in the sporting varieties, but on our "dog farms" every breed is bred, from mighty St. Bernards to the tiniest of toy spaniels. Many of the foremost breeders are women, and—here is something for sex psychologists to puzzle out—most of the women choose the large varieties—Labradors, bloodhounds, wolfhounds, and St. Bernards. It's the men who go in for lapdog breeding.

Daily British-bred dogs are shipped to every part of the world. In one week recently two Pekingese were sent to Kashmir; a pack of twelve foxhounds to Bagdad; a pack of thirty-two harriers to Berlin; half-a-dozen whippets to Australia; a sheepdog to Paris; bulldogs to Kenya, and setters to Patagonia.

America is Britain's best customer, but Indian princes are a very good second. To the United States there went recently a British-bred terrier. The price was £5,000! And that record was passed by a Chow for which $10,000 was paid!

It might be thought that in the end the export of so many pedigree dogs would kill home industry. That isn't so. Dog-breeding is a science, and the purity of certain characteristics can soon be lost. So to Britain there comes a continual demand for more.

Dog-lovers, picturing the immense distances exported dogs have to travel, may wonder if the journeys are made in comfort. Yes! A dog going to the East has a special kennel with an open front and fitted with a sun blind.

When the journey is to colder climates—we export Labradors to Labrador!—the kennel is of a different type, warmly lined and weathertight, and with a system of ventilators arranged so that no draught can reach the dog. Regular exercise is given and the dogs are quite happy.

In this dog trade there are occasional funny happenings. An American tourist had a fine Airedale, that made her seriously ill for some time—because when a terrier arrived from England she put it in the train-travelling cage opened in her sitting-room, and then, afraid it might escape, said to her maid, "Shut the door!"

Instantly the dog ran to the open door, closed it with its paws, sat back on its haunches, and put a paw to its nose. The woman gasped "Oh!" at which the dog took a running leap and sprang over her! The dog was merely performing two tricks taught him by his previous owner. "Oh!" he had taken as the cue.

A Galveston woman, for whom her husband, as a surprise, had ordered a dachshund, wept when she saw it. "Cruel men had pulled the poor thing all out of shape and twisted its legs!" she said.

It is estimated that the dog industry, directly and indirectly, finds employment for 150,000 workers. The value of the dogs is put at about $10,000,000.

WHEN PETTERED BY FEAR.

Fear Affects the Nerves, and Makes Muscles Useless.

"I'm afraid I can't," said one man, when asked to do something unusual, and a trifle difficult. He tried—and failed.

A domestic servant, asked to carry a tray of ornaments downstairs, murmured, "I'm afraid I'll drop them." And she did.

Said a young man, also asked to do something a little out of the ordinary: "I fear I can't manage it." He tried—and failed.

Look at these statements—quite ordinary ones—and then split them in halves.

Look at those three statements—quite ordinary ones—and then split them in halves.

I'm afraid—I can't.
I'm afraid—I'll drop them.
I fear—I can't manage it.

Do you see the startling significance? On the right hand are the results, self-doubt, fear and muscle, had made failure certain.

Insert a "so" between the split sentences ("I'm afraid, so I can't"; "I'm afraid, so I'll drop them"; "I fear, so I can't manage it") and the significance becomes quite clear. Failure is practically ended. Of a hundred tasks, how many would be accomplished if "I'm afraid" prefaced each?

The other day a professor of industrial psychology said, and with truth, that amongst servants it was the fear of breakages that led to breakages. The fear affected the nerves, and they in turn spoilt the grip and control of the muscles.

Have you never noticed the curious "deadening" effect on your legs and feet when, hurrying for a train, you've muttered to yourself: "I'm afraid I'll miss it." That's the muscular result of mental fear.

The moral is obvious. We shall do nothing worth doing—no deed that may bring fame, honor, money, position, or affection—if we fill ourselves into a state of fear, with that fatal "I'm afraid."

Scaweed for Speed!

Automobiles are running in many parts of the world with real petrol in their tanks. They rely for their power on vegetable alcohol, prepared in the chemists from fruits, roots, seeds, and even flowers.

In France, alcohol is extracted from sugar-beet, and fine gallons of spirit have been extracted from a ton of this vegetable. Potatoes have been used for the same purpose in Germany.

From fifteen to sixty gallons of alcohol can be obtained from a ton of acorns, horse-chestnuts, or figs. In Australia, over twenty million acres are infested by a certain kind of prickly pear, but recently this pest has become a source of profit, for it is said that fourteen gallons of spirit are yielded from a ton of the prickly stems.

Although alcohol is also extracted from artichokes, maize and rice are the richest sources of supply. You can get about a dessertspoonful of spirit from every ounce of rice.

Seaweed is probably the strangest source from which alcohol for power purposes is obtained. Tons are gathered every year, and after treatment by industrial chemists yield a very high proportion of useful spirit.

MAN SCORNED FORTUNE

MILLION RENOUNCED FOR CONSCIENCE'S SAKE.

Mr. F. N. Charrington Has Spent Fifty Years In East-end of London Working for the Good of His Fellowmen.

How many men would sacrifice a million and a quarter pounds for a principle?

One who has done so is Mr. F. N. Charrington, the missioner, with whom I spent a morning recently, writes the Tit-Bits man.

He is now seventy-five years of age, and for half a century he has been working hard in the East-end of London. He is a member of the Charrington family, who are among the most prominent of our brewers, but is himself a sworn enemy of the trade. He told me in simple words what caused him to renounce his immense fortune.

"One day outside a public-house in the East-end I came upon a poor woman pleading with her husband for money to buy food for her babies. With a word the ruffian knocked the wife and children into the gutter.

"Sick with horror, I glanced up and saw my own name emblazoned in gold above the building. The blow that man dealt his wife served also to knock me out of the liquor trade."

He resigned his heirdom and took a tiny house in the poorest part of the east-end. There, with a table, two chairs, and two packing-cases for furniture, he began a life of Spartan simplicity—this after life at an excellent school and all the luxuries of a richly-appointed home.

In his sitting-room at the Great Assembly Hall, in the Mile End Road, where for nearly nineteen thousand nights he has carried on his work, many rebels have come to confess their passages in a career that teems with drama.

One of them is a poker that hangs beside the garden. This was the instrument with which a man intended to murder his wife. He was carrying it up the stairs when he dropped in out of the cold to hear Mr. Charrington speak. At the close of the meeting the man confessed his intention, surrendered his weapon, and promised to reform.

Beside the window there is a shutter-looking chopper. This, too, has a story. One night, very late, Mr. Charrington was walking in a continental city area, when he noticed a crowd in front of a small house from whose uncurtained windows the light streamed out into the dark street. Inside, a man, intoxicated, was wielding a chair over his wife's head. The chair missed its victim but overturned a lamp on the table, leaving the room in darkness save for the red gleam of the man's cigarette.

At 2.30 a.m. the crowd was electrified by a whisper that the man had secured an axe for his wife's head and a hammer for anyone who interfered. Whereupon Mr. Charrington, who had enlisted a detective to stand at the door with a torch, entered the room, armed only with an umbrella.

Kicking the axe underneath a chair, he upbraided the drunkard for keeping the street awake. Then, seizing his man, the missioner propelled him through the house, passage and hurled him down a short flight of stairs into the backyard. The man, utterly sobered, stood over the wall and spent the next two nights in Epping Forest. The axe was retained by Mr. Charrington as a memento.

Intending suicides sometimes visit the Great Assembly Hall. One young man called and, despite all efforts to dissuade him, seemed determined on self-destruction.

Mr. Charrington said: "Ah, well, my boy, so this is your last night in the Mile End Road." Date and time, in the chemical sense, I do hope you have the poison with you."

As he had expected, the man's hand went instinctively to the pocket where the poison was carried. Immediately Mr. Charrington leaped at him, and after a determined struggle secured the bottle. A friendly talk followed and the young man was found a job. The bottle of poison is now retained by the missioner's collection.

At a time when music-halls were not, fifty years ago, places of amusement that they are to-day, Mr. Charrington made a practice of distributing leaflets against the immoral purposes for which such places were sometimes used.

One night six men in evening dress rode out from the West-end in cabs with the avowed intention of murdering him. They were intoxicated, and would have carried their threats into effect but for the surprising intervention of two or three women who surrounded him, and by the use of their tongues in lurid language scared off the bullies.

In 1922 yet another murderous attack was made on Mr. Charrington as he was distributing leaflets one Sunday evening. His assailant was a pugilistic Australian. He "put up" others, who ran up to him, upper-cut him with a right and left in rapid succession, and then dealt him a blow over the heart.

When he was fighting the music halls, Mr. Charrington was imprisoned one night for preaching outside one. One of his fellow-prisoners said: "What are you in for?" "Oh, I'm in for a little affair in connection with —'s Music Hall," replied Mr. Charrington. "Well, I never," chuckled the other; "so am I. I pinched a 'am from the bar there—what did you take?"

Nothing but admiration can be felt for a man who has sacrifice an immense fortune, endure continual conflicts, and live his life for others in a determined effort to keep faith with his ideals.

Starting of the Grand Trunk.

The construction of the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway was commenced in 1852.

Trace Fish Movements.

The Department of Merine and Fisheries has marked a considerable number of Atlantic salmon, by attaching silver tags to their dorsal fins, for the purpose of tracing the movements of these fish. A salmon that was marked and liberated off Burns Point, Port Maitland, Nova Scotia, on June 11, 1925, was killed in the Moisie river, Quebec, in the early part of July. If this fish took the most direct route it travelled about 800 miles, but if it followed the larger indentations of the shore line it travelled over 1,200 miles.

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Stop Night Coughs

One dose of Buckley's Mixture brings immediate relief and sleep returns. Keep it handy—acts like a flash on coughs, bronchitis and all throat and chest irritations. Stops coughing spells as soon as taken.

Wards off the more dangerous diseases—pneumonia, flu, etc.

All druggists sell Buckley's Mixture—"Strong" or "Modified" on a money refunded guarantee.

75c—40 doses

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE "STRONG" OR "MODIFIED"

W. K. Buckley, Limited, 142 Mutual St., Toronto 2 20f

STAND IN WAY OF BUSINESS

Historic London Churches May Have to Give Way to the Demands of Modern Progress.

Nineteen historic city churches in the heart of London, ill of them the work of Sir Christopher Wren, have been marked for destruction by a commission appointed by the bishop of London to consider the whole question of the city churches. In seven cases it is proposed to preserve, for their architectural and historic value, the towers of the churches. In the other cases these old monuments, dating back to the seventeenth century and the great fire of London, would disappear.

This is the recommendation of the bishop's commission, but already strong protests have arisen and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has announced that it will take every possible step in making the strongest protest.

The value of the sites of these churches is placed at nearly ?8,500,000,000, situated as they are in the great business center of London, between St. Paul's and the Tower and a little to the north of the Bank of England. In addition to this enormous return from the church property the commission expects to realize an income of $120,000 a year from the benefices after setting aside $81,000 a year for the salaries of certain of the clergy concerned. For the site of a single church, that of All Hallows, Lombard street, Barclay's bank has offered $2,500,000 and the use of the site of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East has been estimated at $1,250,000.

USED BY ANCIENT PHYSICIAN

Graeco-Roman Medical and Surgical Instruments of Bronze Now in Johns Hopkins University.

William H. Buckler, who served on the staff of the American hospital in London during the war, has presented to the Archeologist museum of Johns Hopkins university, of which he was a former trustee, a set of ancient Graeco-Roman medical and surgical instruments found two years ago near Kolophon, in Asia Minor.

The collection was on exhibition in London and was formerly in the possession of the late Alfred G. Van Lennep, Dutch vice consul in Smyrna, who owned a large estate near Kolophon and was well acquainted with the excavations and discoveries in that vicinity.

The instruments, 36 in number, are all of bronze, with but one exception. They were probably the property of some Roman physician living in Asia Minor in the first or second century A. D., and the fact that they were all found in one place is doubtless explained, in the opinion of experts, by the ancient custom of burying a person's worldly possessions with him.

The set includes surgical knives and elevators, forceps, tenacula (sharp hooks), a unique drill bow, for use in injuries and diseases of the skull, scoops, probes and a cautery.

The drill bow is, from the point of view of the archeologist, perhaps the most interesting object. It is like a tool used by carpenters.

Out of Place.

Aunt Hannah came home from church the other Sunday morning distinctly out of sorts. When asked what was to be the matter she replied that she thought there was not the proper reverence for that church. Pressed to give further explanation she finally did so.

"I didn't like any of the choir," she complained. "There were two Uncle Sams looking to sing hymns and I thought it perfectly sacrilegious when that sorgeous got up in those slippers with the high, thin heels and sang, 'How Firm a Foundation.' It was out of the place."

The family she was visiting smiled but later admitted to themselves that it was indeed incongruous although not exactly sacrilegious.

Work Poor.

Charles M. Schwab at one of his Loretto dinner parties was talking about a man who was vainly beseeching the banks for a loan.

"He's a rich man, too," said Mr. Schwab; "but he's work poor."

"Work poor?" said a guest.

"Yes, work poor," Mr. Schwab repeated. "You see, he's always got so many operations in hand that he's always short of money to finance them. Work poor, I call it."

Then he smiled and added:

"He's one of those fellows who dig so much that they're always in a hole."

The Cross-Cut

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrations by R. B. Van Nice

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

"Well," he confessed, "there was an un'oly lot of water in there, and I didn't 'ave any money. What else was I to do?"

"You—" A pumpman had picked up a piece of heavy timbering and thrown it at him in mock ferocity. "Work us to death and then come back and give us the laugh! Where you been at?"

"Center City," confessed Harry cheerily.

"And you knew all the time?" Mother Howard wagged a finger under his nose.

"Well," and the Cornishman chuckled, "I didn't 'ave any money. I 'ad to get that shaft unwatered, didn't I?"

"Get a raft!" An irate—but laughing—pumpman had come forward. "Think you can pull that on us?—Get a raft!"

Someone seized a small, dead pine which lay on the ground near by. Others helped to strip it of the scraggly limbs which still clung to it. Harry watched them and chuckled—for he knew that in none was there malice. He had played his joke and won. It was their turn now. Shouting in mock anger, calling for all dire things, from lynchings on down to burnings at the stake, they dragged Harry to the pine tree, threw him astraddle of it, then, with willing hands volunteering on every side, hoisted the tree high above them and started down the mountain slope, Herbenfelder trotting in the rear and forgetting his anger in the joyful knowledge that his ring at last was safe.

Behind the throng of men with their mock threats trailed the women and children, some throwing pine cones at the booming Harry, jugging himself on the narrow pole; and in the crowd, Fairchild found someone he could watch with more than ordinary interest—Anita Richmond, trudging along with the rest, apparently remonstrating with the sullen, meanvisaged young man at her side. Instinctively Fairchild knew that young Rodaine was not pleased with the return of Harkins. As for the father—

Fairchild whirled at a voice by his side and looked straight into the crooked eyes of Thornton Fairchild's enemy. The blue-white scar had turned almost black now, the eyes were red from swollen, blood-stained veins, the evil, thin, crooked lips were working in sullen fury. They were practically alone at the mouth of the mine, Fairchild with a laugh dying on his lips, Rodaine with all the hate and anger and futile malice that a human being can know typified in his scarred, hawklike features. A fist, tattooed hand came upward, to double, leaving one bony, curved finger extending in emphasis of the words which streamed from the slit of a mouth:

"Funny, weren't you? Played your cheap jokes and got away with 'em. But everybody ain't like them fools!" he pointed to the crowd just rounding the rocks, Harry bobbing in the foreground. "There's some that remember—and I'm one of 'em. You've put over your fake; you've had your laugh; you've framed it so I'll be the butt of every numbskull in Ohadi. But just listen to this—just listen to this!" he repeated, the harsh voice taking on a tone that was almost a screech. "There's another time coming—and that time's going to be mine!"

And before Fairchild could retort, he had turned and was scrambling down the mountain side.

CHAPTER IX

Fairchild went back into the tunnel, again the flywheels of the gasoline engines and started them revolving again, that the last of the water might be drained from the shaft before the pumps must be returned to their owners.

Several hours passed, then Harry returned, minus his gorgeous clothing and his diamond ring, dressed in mining costume now, with high leather boots into which his trousers were tucked, and carrying a carbine-lantern. Dolefully he looked at the vacant finger where once a diamond had sparkled. Then he cheered.

"Sam took it back," he announced. "And I took part of the money and paid it out for rent on these pumps. We can keep 'em as long as we want 'em. It's only costing about a fourth of what it might of. Drowning's worth something," he laughed again. Fairchild joined him, then sobered.

"It brought Rodaine out of the bushes," he said. "Squint threatened us after they'd hauled you down town on the rail."

Harry winked jovially.

"Ain't it just what I expected? It's better that wye than to 'ave 'im snoopin' around."

They chuckled together then; it was something to know that they had not only forced Squint Rodaine to show his enmity openly, but it was something more to make him the instrument of helping them with their work. Harry looked down the bag, stared intently at nothing, then turned to the rusty hoist.

"'Ere's the thing we've got to fix up now. This 'ere chiv wheel's all out of gear."

"What makes your face so red?" Fairchild asked the question as the be-mustached visage of Harry came nearer to the carbide. Harry looked up.

"Mother 'Oward almost slapped it off!" came his rueful answer. "For not telling 'er what I was going to do, and letting 'er think I got drownded. But 'ow was I to know?"

Fairchild absently examined the engines and pumps, supplying water to the radiators and filling an oil cup or two. Then he turned swiftly, voicing that which was uppermost in his mind.

"When you were here before, Harry, did you know a Judge Richmond?"

"Yeh." Harry pawed his mustache and made a greasy, black mark on his face. "But I don't think I want to know 'im now."

"Why not?"

"It's mixed up with the Rodaines."

"How much?"

"They own 'im—that's all."

There was silence for a moment. It had been something which Fairchild had not expected. If the Rodaines owned Judge Richmond, how far did that ownership extend? After a long time, he forced himself to a statement.

"I know his daughter. She sold me a ticket to a dance," Fairchild care-fully forgot the earlier meeting. "Then we've happened to meet several times after that. She said that 'her father had 'olds 'er about me—it seems she 'oused to be a friend of my own father."

Harry nodded.

"So 'e was. And a good friend. But that was before things 'appened—like they've 'appened in the last ten years. Not that I know about it of my own knowledge. But Mother 'Oward—she knows a lot."

"But what's caused the change? What—?"

Harry's intent gaze stopped him.

"Ow many times 'ave you seen Judge Richmond?"

"I haven't ever seen him."

"You won't—if Mother 'Oward knows anything. 'E ain't able to get out. 'E's sick—apoplexy—a stroke, Rodaine's taken advantage of it."

"How?"

"'Ow does anybody take advantage of somebody that's sick? 'Ow does anybody get a 'old on a person? Through money! Judge Richmond 'ad a lot of it. Then 'e got sick. Rodaine, 'e got 'old of that money. Now Judge Richmond 'as to ask 'im for every penny he gets—and 'e does what Rodaine says."

"But a judge—"

"Judges like anybody else when they're bedridden and only 'arf their faculties working. The girl, so Mother 'Oward tells me, is about twenty now. That made 'er just a little kid, and motherless, when Rodaine got in 'is work. She ain't got a thing to sye. And she loves 'er father. If 'e don't die pretty soon, you'll see a wedding!"

"You mean—?"

"She'll be Mrs. Maurice Rodaine. She loves 'er father enough to do it—after 'er will's broken."

Again Robert Fairchild filled an oil cup, again he tinkered about the pumps. Then he straightened.

"How are we going to work this mine?" he asked shortly. Harry stared at him.

"'Ow should I know? You own it?"

"I don't mean that way. We were fifty-fifty from the minute you showed up. There never has been any other thought in my mind—"

"Fifty-fifty? You're making me a bloated capitalist!"

"I hope I will. Or rather, I hope that you'll make such a thing possible for both of us. But I was talking about something else; are we going to work hard and fight it out day and night for awhile until we can get things clear, or are we just going at it by easy stages?"

"Suppose," answered Harry after a communication with his magic mustache, "that we go dye and night 'til we get the water out? It won't be long. Then we'll 'ave to work together. You'll need my vast store of learning and enlightenment!" he grinned.

"Good. But the pumping will last through tomorrow night. Can you take the night trick?"

"Sure. But why?"

"I want to go to that dance!"

Harry whistled. Harry's big lips spread into a grin.

"And she's got brown eyes!" he chortled to himself. "And she's got brown 'air, and she's a wye about 'er.

"I Want to Go to That Dance!"

Oh! She's got a wye about 'er! And I'll bet she's going with Maurice Rodaine! Oh! She's got a wye about 'er!"

"Oh, shut up!" growled Fairchild, but she grinned in schoolboy fashion as he said it. Harry poured half a can of oil upon the bearings of the chiv wheel with almost loving tenderness.

"She's got a wye about 'er," he echoed. Fairchild suddenly frowned.

"Just what do you mean? That she's in love with Rodaine and just—?"

"Ow should I know? But she's got a wye about 'er!"

"Well," the firm chin of the other man grew firmer, "it won't be hard to find out!"

And the next night he started upon his investigations. Nor did he stop to consider that social events had been few and far between for him, that his dancing and progressed little farther than the simple ability to move his feet in unison to music. Years of office and home, home and office, had not allowed Robert Fairchild the natural advantages of the usual young man. But he got that aside now; he was going to that dance, and he was going to stay there as long as the music sounded, or rather as long as the brown eyes, brown hair and laughing lips of Anita Richmond were apparent to him. What's more, he carried out his resolution.

Again and again Fairchild's eyes searched the crowds, the multicolored, overdressed costumes of the women, the old-fashioned affairs with which many of the men had arrayed themselves, ranging all the way from high leather boots to frock suits and stovepipe beaver hats. From one face to another his gaze went on; then he turned abstractedly to the long line of tables, with their devotees of keno, and bought a paddle.

From far away the drone of the caller sounded in a voice familiar, and Fairchild looked up to see the narrow-eyed, scarred face of Squint Rodaine, who was officiating at the wheel. He lost interest in the game; lackadaisically he placed the buttons on their squares as numbers were shouted, finally to brush them all aside and desert the game. His hatred of the Rodaines had grown to a point where he could enjoy nothing which they were connected with, where he despised everything with which they had the remotest affiliation—excepting, of course, one person. And as he rose, Fairchild saw that she was just entering the dance hall.

For a moment he hesitated. Maurice Rodaine, attired in a mauve frock suit and the inevitable accompanying beaver, had stopped to talk to some one at the door. She stood alone, looking about the hall, laughing and nodding—and then she looked at him! Fairchild did not wait.

From the platform at the end of the big room the fiddles had begun to squeak, and the caller was shouting his announcements. Couples began to line up on the floor. The caller's voice grew louder.

"One more couple—then the dance starts. One more couple, lady an' a gent! One more—"

"Please!" Robert Fairchild had reached her and was holding forth his hand. She looked up in half surprise, then demurred.

"But I don't know these old dances."

"Neither do I—or any other, for that matter," he answered with sudden boldness. "But does that make any difference? Please!"

She glanced quickly toward the door. Maurice Rodaine was still talking, and Fairchild saw a little flame come into her eyes—the gleam that shows when a woman decides to make some one pay for rudeness.

Fairchild's hand was still extended. Anita Anita Richmond glanced toward the door, chuckled to herself while Fairchild watched the dimples that the merriment caused, and then—Fairchild forgot the fact that he was wearing hobnailed shoes and that his clothes were worn and old. He was going forward to take his place on the dance floor, and she was beside him!

Some way, as through a haze, he saw her. Some way he realized that one and then his head touched hers, and that once, as they whirled about the room, in obedience to the monarch on the fiddler's rostrum, his arm was about her waist, and her head touching his shoulder. It made little difference whether the dance calls were obeyed after that. Fairchild was making up for all the years he had plodded, all the years he had toiled in his narrow field, living but a slow, grubbing life, living them all again and rightly, in the few swift moments of a dance.

The music ended, and laughing they returned to the side of the hall. Out of the haze he heard words, and knew indistinctly that they were his own:

"Will—will you dance with me again tonight?"

"Seifish!" she chided.

"But will you?"

For just a moment her eyes grew serious.

"Did you ever realize that we've never been introduced?"

Fairchild was finding more conversation than he ever had believed possible.

"No—but I realize that I don't care if you'll forgive it. I—believe that I'm a gentleman."

"So do I—or I wouldn't have danced with you."

"Then please—"

"Pardon me." She had laid a hand on his arm for just a moment, then hurried away. Fairchild saw that she was greeting young Rodaine, scowling in the background. That person shot an angry remark at her as she approached and followed it with streaming sentences. Fairchild knew the reason. Contrary to custom, returning from the dance floor, jostled against him, but he did not move. He was waiting—waiting for the outcome of the quarrel—and in a moment it came. Anita Richmond turned swiftly, her dark eyes ablaze, her pretty lips set and firm. She looked anxiously about her, sighted Fairchild, and then started toward him, while he advanced to meet her.

"Yes," was her brief announcement. "I'll dance the next one with you."

"And the next after that?"

Again: "Seifish!"

But Fairchild did not appear to hear.

A third dance and a fourth, while in the background Fairchild's eyes sought out the sulky, sullen form of Maurice Rodaine, flattened against the wall, eyes evil, mouth a straight line, and the blackness of hate discoloring his face. It was as so much wine to Fairchild; he felt himself really young for the first time in his life. And as the music started again, he once more turned to his companion.

Only, however, to halt and whirl and stare in surprise. There had come a shout from the doorway, booming, commanding:

"Ands up, everybody! And quick about it!"

Some one laughed and jabbed his hands into the air. Another, quickly sensing a staged surprise, followed the example. It was just the finishing touch necessary—the old-time hold-up of the old-time dance. The "bandit" strode forward.

"Dog from behind that bar! Drop that gun!" he commanded of the white-aproned attendant. "Out from that roulette wheel. Everybody line up! Quick—and there ain't no time for foolin'."

Chattering and laughing, they obeyed, the sheriff, his star gleaming, standing out in front of them all, shivering in mock fright, his hands higher than any one's. The bandit, both revolvers leveled, stepped forward a foot or so, and again ordered speed. A bandanna handkerchief was wrapped about his head, concealing his hair and ears. A mask was over his eyes, supplemented by a smoked bandanna, which, beginning at the bridge of his nose, flowed over his chin, cutting off all possible chance of recognition. Only a second more he waited, then, with a wave of the guns, shouted his command:

"All right, everybody! I'm a decent fellow. Don't want much, but I want it quick. This 'ere's for the relief of widders and orphans. Make it sudden. Each one of you gents step out to the center of the room and leave five dollars. And step back when you've put it there. Ladies stay where you're at!"

Again a laugh. Fairchild turned to his companion, as she nudged him. "There, it's your turn."

Out to the center of the floor went Fairchild, the rest of the victims laughing and chiding him. Back he came in mock fear, his hands in the air. On down the line went the contributing men. Then the bandit rushed forward, gathered up the bills and gold pieces, shoved them in his pockets, and whirled toward the door.

"The purpose of this 'ere will be in the paper tomorrow," he announced. "And don't you follow me to find out! Back, there!"

Two or three laughing men had started forward, among them a fiddler, who had joined the line, and who now rushed out in flaunting bravery, brandishing his violin as though to brain the intruder. Again the command:

"Back, there—get back!"

Then the crowd recoiled. Flashes had come from the masked man's guns, the popping of electric light globes above and the shooting of bullets testifying to the fact that they had contained something more than mere wadding. Somewhat dazed, the fiddler continued his rush, suddenly to crumple and fall, while men milled and women screamed. A door slammed, the lock clicked, and the crowd rushed for the windows. The holdup had been real after all—instead of a planned, joking affair. On the floor the fiddler lay gasping—and bleeding. And the bandit was gone.

All in a moment the dance hall seemed to have gone mad. Men were rushing about and shouting; panic-stricken women clawed at one another and fought their way toward a freedom they could not gain. Windows crashed as forms hurtled against them; screams sounded. Hurriedly, as the crowd massed thicker, Fairchild raised the small form of Anita in his arms and carried her to a chair, far at one side.

"It's all right now," he said, calming her. "Everything's over—look, they're helping the fiddler to his feet. Maybe he's not badly hurt. Everything's all right—"

And then he straightened. A man had unlocked the door from the outside and had rushed into the dance hall, excited, shouting. It was Maurice Rodaine.

"I know who it was," he almost screamed. "I got a good look at him—jumped out of the window and almost headed him off. He took off his mask outside—and I saw him!"

"You saw him—?" A hundred voices shouted the question at once.

"Yes." Then Maurice Rodaine nodded straight toward Robert Fairchild. "The light was good, and I got a straight look at him. He was that fellow's partner—a Cornishman they call Harry!"

"I don't believe it!" Anita Richmond exclaimed with conviction and clutched at Fairchild's arm. "I don't believe it!"

"I can't!" Robert answered. Then he turned to the accuser. "How could it be possible for Harry to be down here robbing a dance hall when he's out working the mine?"

"Working the mine?" This time it was the sheriff. "What's the necessity for a day and night shift?"

"We agreed upon it yesterday afternoon."

"At whose suggestion?"

"I'm not sure—but I think it was mine."

"Young fellow," the sheriff had approached him now, "you'd better be certain about that. It looks to me that might be a pretty good excuse to give when a man can't produce an alibi. Anyway, the identification seems pretty complete. Then he turned to the crowd. "I want a couple of good men to go along with me as deputies."

"I have a right to go," Fairchild had stepped forward.

"Certainly. But not as a deputy. Who wants to volunteer?"

Half a dozen men came forward, and from them the sheriff chose two. Fairchild turned to say good-by to Anita. In vain. Already Maurice Rodaine had escorted her, apparently against her will, to a far end of the dance hall, and there was quarreling with her. Fairchild hurried to join the sheriff and his two deputies, just starting out of the dance hall. Five minutes later they were in a motor car, chugging up Kentucky gulch.

Slowly, the motor car fighting against the grade, the trip was accomplished. Then the four men leaped from the machine at the last rise before the tunnel was reached and three of them went forward afoot toward the mine, a slight gleam of light came from the mouth of the Blue Poppy.

The sheriff took the lead, at last to stop behind a boulder and to shout a command:

"Hey you, in there."

"It was Harry's voice.

"Come out—and be quick about it. Hold your light in front of your face with both hands."

"The 'ell I will! And 'oo's talking?"

"Sheriff Adams of Clear Creek county. You've got one minute to come out—or I'll shoot."

"I'm coming on the run!"

And almost instantly the form of Harry, his acetylene lamp lighting up his bulbous, surprised countenance with its sprightly mustache, appeared at the mouth of the tunnel.

"What the bloody 'ell?" he gasped, as he looked into the muzzle of the revolver. From down the mountain side came the shout of one of the deputies:

"Sheriff! Looks like it's him, all right I've found a horse down here —all saw-eated up from running."

"That's about the answer." Sheriff Adams went forward and with a motion of his revolver sent Harry's hands into the air. "Let's see what you've got on you."

A light gleamed below as an electric flash in the hands of one of the deputies began an investigation of the surroundings. The sheriff, finishing his search of Arry's pockets, stepped back.

"Well," he demanded, "what did you do with the proceeds?"

"The proceeds?" Harry stared blankly. "Of what?"

"Quit your kidding, now. They've found your horse down there."

"Wouldn't it be a good idea—" Fairchild had cut in acridly—"to save your accusations on this thing until you're a little surer of it? Harry hasn't any horse. If he's rented one, you ought to be able to find that out pretty shortly."

As if in answer, the sheriff turned and shouted a question down the mountain side. And back came the answer:

"It's Doc Mason's. Must have been stolen. Doc was at the dance."

"I guess that settles it." The officer reached for his hip pocket. "Stick out your hands, Harry, while I put the cuffs on them."

"But 'ow in bloody 'ell 'ave I been doing anything when I've been up 'ere working on the chiv wheel? 'Ow—?"

"They say you held up the dance tonight and robbed us," Fairchild cut in. Harry's face lost its surprised look, to give way to a glance of keen questioning.

"And do you say it?"

"I most certainly do not. The identification was given by that honorable person known as Mr. Maurice Rodaine."

"Oh! One thief identifying another—"

"Sheriff!" Again the voice from below.

"Yeh!"

"We've found a cache down here. Must have been made in a hurry—two revolvers, bullets, a mask, a couple of new handkerchiefs and the money."

Harry eyes grew wide. Then he stuck out his hands.

"The evidence certainly is piling up!" he grunted. "I might as well save my talking for later."

"That's a good idea." The sheriff snapped the handcuffs into place. Then Fairchild shut off the lights and they started toward the machine. Back in Ohadi more news awaited them. Harry, if Harry had been the highwayman, had gone to no expense for his outfit. The combined general store and hardware emporium of Gregg Brothers had been robbed of the articles necessary for a disguise—also the revolvers and their bullets. Robert Fairchild watched Harry placed in the solitary cell of the county jail with a spirit that could not respond to the Cornishman's grin and his assurances that morning would bring a righting of affairs. Four charges hung heavy above him: that of horse-stealing, of burglary, of highway robbery, and worse, the final assault with attempt to kill. Fairchild turned wearily away; he could not find the optimism to join Harry's cheerful announcement that it would be "all right." The appearances were otherwise. Besides, up in the little hospital on the hill, Fairchild had seen lights gleaming as he entered the jail, and he knew that doctors were working there over the wounded body of the dance hall bandit, heavy at heart, his earlier conquest of the night sodden and overshadowed now, he turned away from the cell and its optimistic occupant—out into the night.

It was only a short walk to the hospital and Fairchild went there, to leave with at least a ray of hope. The probing operation had been completed and the fiddler would live, and at least the charge against Harry would not be one of murder. That was a thing for which to be thankful; but there was plenty to cause consternation. As a little child walked slowly down the dark, winding street toward the main thoroughfare. Without Harry, Fairchild now felt himself lost. Before the big, genial, eccentric Cornishman had come into his life, he had believed, with some sort of divine ignorance, that he could carry out his ambitions by himself, with no knowledge of the forces that would necessary to mining, with no previous history of the Blue Poppy to guide him, and with no help against the enemies who seemed everywhere. Now he saw that it was impossible. More, the incidents of the night showed how swiftly those enemies were working, how sharp and stiletto-like their weapons.

That Harry was innocent was certain—to Robert Fairchild.

Looking back over it now, he could see how easily Fate had played into the hands of the Rodaines; if the Rodaines had not possessed a deeper concern than merely to seize upon a happening and turn it to their own account. The highwayman was big. The highwayman talked with a "Cousin-Jack" accent—for all Cornishmen are "Cousin Jacks" in the mining country. Those two features in themselves, Fairchild thought, as he stumbled along in the darkness, were sufficient to start the scheming plot in the brain of Maurice Rodaine, already ugly and evil through the trick played by Harry on his father and the rebuke that had come from Anita Richmond. It was an easy matter for him to get the inspiration, leap out of the window, and then wait until the robber had gone, that he might face forth with his accusation. And after that—

Either Chance, or something stronger, had done the rest. The finding of the stolen horse and the carelessly made cache near the mouth of the Blue Poppy mine would be sufficient in the eyes of any jury. The evidence was both direct and circumstantial. To Fairchild's mind, there was small chance for escape by Harry, once his case went to trial.

Down the dark street the man wandered, his hands sunk deep in his pockets, his head low between his shoulders—only to suddenly galvanize into intensity, and to stop short that he might hear again the voice which had come to him. At one side was a big house—a house whose occupants he knew instinctively, for he had seen the shadow of a woman, hands outstretched, as she passed the light window on the side of the house on the second floor. More, he had heard her voice, supplemented by gruffer tones. And then it came again.

It was pleading, and as the same time appeared with the passion of a person approaching hysteria. A barking sentence answered her, something that Fairchild could not understand. He left the gate, heard silence and crept to the porch that he might hear the better. Then every nerve within him jangled, and the black of the darkness changed to red. The Rodaines were within; he had heard first the cold voice of the father, then the rasping tones of the son, in upbraiding. More, there had come the sobbing of a woman; instinctively Fairchild knew that it was Anita Richmond. And then:

It was her voice, high, screaming. Hysteria had come—the wild, racking hysteria of a person driven to the breaking point:

"Leave this house—hear me! Leave this house! Can't you see that you're killing him? Don't you dare touch me —leave this house! No—I won't be quiet—I won't—you're killing him. I tell you—"

To be Continued.

Doughboy Missed Treasure.

At Varennes they still show the place where the doughboy fainted.

For the greater part of a week he had been busy there at the humble tasks of general police when into his bailiwick burst an anxious French soldier, who explained that Varennes had been his home before the war, and that he had had to leave it hastily when the Germans came four years before.

After much explanation, he began to prospect about as though he were looking for oil, finally took his bearings, paced three to the right from the pharmacie, ten to the north, four to the east. Then he dug. He dug and he dug, and at last the doughboy saw —disinterred from the very spot where he had been puttering all week—the tidy sum of 20,000 francs in gold.

THIS MOTHER GLAD DAUGHTER IS WELL

Mrs. Parks Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health

Toronto, Ontario.—"My daughter is 16 now and has been an invalid ever since she was six months old and is at times compelled to remain out of school the greater part of the time. We have tried different medicine, but none helped her much. I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound myself and found it helpful, so when I was run-down, and had helped me so much that I thought it might help her at this time. She has gained much since she began taking it. She attends school every day now and goes skating, and does other out-of-door sports. I recommend this medicine to any one who is run-down and nervous and weak."—Mrs. PARKS, 106 Bond Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for young women's troubles.

For sale by druggists everywhere. C

"He Was That Fellow's Partner."

NOW COMES THE FLYABOUT

Airplanes Seem to Bid Fair to Take the Place Now Held by the Chummy Roadster.

There was a time, and not so terribly many years ago, when the young man who invested his hard-earned cash in what was known as a best-girl car got some mention in the home paper. His purchase was chronicled with the added advice of, "Look out, girls!" With red running gears, rubber tires, a tassel on the horse's bridle, and a whip that cost at least $1.25, the young man was so well equipped that he was a force to reckon with when love-making was going on.

He has passed, and in his stead has come the long, low, rakish motorcar. It burns gasoline and leaves an unpleasant odor in its wake, but it represents speed and exclusiveness. It is the chummy roadster. Too soon, it seems, it also will pass away. In a New York newspaper is the advertisement of an aircraft concern. "What about the boy who overseas has been roaming the sky, day after day, flying free in the glorious ether?" it wants to know. When he comes home, the advertisement says, he will not be satisfied with a motorboat or an automobile. "So why not meet the inevitable," it asks, "and buy him an airplane now?" Now that the stress of war-time production is over, this particular concern is offering flying boats, seaplanes and chummy flyabouts for commercial or pleasure purposes. An appropriate gift for your son or daughter," is the concluding sentence.

PIGS AS MACHINE GUNNERS

Shrewd Trick Played by Germans When They Fled Before the Conquering American Troops.

The crafty Germans resorted to all sorts of tricks to check the advance of the Yankees in the fighting just before the armistice was signed, according to a letter from Sergt. Sidney S. Foy, formerly of Detroit, Mich., now attached to a headquarters company in a classification camp in France, to a friend in the Michigan city.

Foy writes that pigs were numerous during the advance and that the Germans used them to help in putting Yankees out of action. When the Huns were forced to retreat they would tie a pig by the leg to the trigger of a machine gun. When the Yanks would charge, the pig, becoming frightened, would squeal and tug to free itself. Every tug the pig made a shot was fired at the waves of oncoming American troops, and, of course, some of them were hit.

This was only one of the ruses adopted by the Germans, says Foy, and the Yankees had to use the utmost caution in going over the ground evacuated by the Germans.

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TUBERCULOSES IN HENS

SOME POINTS ON CAUSE AND PREVENTION.

Disease Is Not Communicable to Humans, But It Is Cause of Serious Losses.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

We hear so much about the dangers to the human from bovine or cattle tuberculosis that we regard all types as dangerous. It is indeed refreshing to know that one type, the avian or fowl tuberculosis is not considered to be dangerous to the health of the human. In so far as it is known at present the only two mammals that avian tuberculosis affects are the rabbit and the mouse. So why worry about eating a chicken that is mildly tubercular or using the eggs from a flock that shows such symptoms? The great loss comes, however, to many poultry-keepers through the invasion of this disease due to the reduction of the vitality and general stamina of the flock. If it does not destroy the birds it gradually brings them to a state of weakness that puts them in the class of the unproductive, and they might as well be dead.

Avian tuberculosis is a chronic infectious disease of birds caused by a bacillus mycobacterium avium. Infection is generally introduced by bringing in diseased birds from other flocks. Pigeons that feed in all the hen yards and farm yards of the neighborhood may be responsible for general distribution. The most frequent cause is the purchase of apparently healthy chickens and bringing such home to mingle with the flock. Another source of danger is the egg from a hen having tubercular ovaries. These may produce eggs containing the bacillus. If so, and such are used for incubation the resulting chick will be infected. The eggs that do not hatch may contain the germ and if used for feeding chicks may infect them. The droppings of infected birds contain the bacillus, so any carelessness in feeding, and neglecting of proper sanitation will likely aid the trouble until the disease has a grip on the entire flock.

Symptoms.

The disease is slow to develop, and symptoms are not generally noticed until the bird is over a year old. They continue to feed well, but become very thin, the muscles of the breast may become greatly reduced, and the bird becomes a handful of feathers, skin and bones. Swelling of the leg joints with lameness is common. Sometimes the swellings will burst and discharge, the bird goes down unable to stand. Intestinal trouble with diarrhoea, dullness and no life are commonly seen in this disease before death.

Post-mortem.

The visibly tubercular affected bird will generally show, on post mortem, yellowish-white or grayish nodules scattered over the liver and spleen. These spots or nodules vary in size and may be as large as a bean; when cut they resemble crumbly cheese or may be gritty. Enlargement of both liver and spleen is common in tuberculosis of fowls. Infections of the lungs are not so frequent, but occasionally these organs show cheesy yellow or white areas. The intestine is a common seat of infection, since all infectious material must pass by this route. T. B. nodules frequently develop either on, or in, the lumen of the bowel. These resemble the nodules on the liver.

Prevention and Control.

Kill off the flock and thoroughly clean up houses, yards, and equipment. Slightly diseased birds, if in good flesh, may be used for food. Those in emaciated condition and showing diseased lesions should be burned. Keep rats and mice out of the houses and yards, and always keep birds of various ages in separate flocks. Be sure of the new stock, know that it comes from uninfected premises. Weed out old birds and all suspicious cases. Keep the pigeons out. Be up to date in sanitation.—L. Stevenson, Dept. of Extension, O. A. College, Guelph.

Bacillary White Diarrhoea.

The elimination of bacillary white diarrhoea from the poultry flocks of Ontario depends on three factors, first, the finding out which birds in the breeding flock are infected through the application of the blood serum test; second, the removal of all infected birds from the flock; third, the protection of the young and growing flock.

It has been conclusively proven that this disease is an ovarian infection. Eggs from infected birds carry the bacillus-pullorum in the yolk. The chick that develops from an infected egg will be infected and have the disease when it steps out of the shell. Normal chicks running with diseased chicks may pick up the organism through pecking an infected materials and feed from the floor of pen or yard. In this way, a few germ carriers may be responsible for a large number of the flock going down with the disease. Chickens that survive the attack are always a menace to their companions, the bacillus carry to the next breeding season. Find them out and eliminate from the flock at once. This finding may be done by securing a blood sample from each bird and applying to it the blood serum or agglutination test. The test depends on the principal that in the blood serum of infected hens there is a substance produced as a result of the bacterium pullorum. The substance is spoken of as agglutinin and its function in the test is to cause the bacteria of bacillary white diarrhoea to clump together and precipitate. The blood of birds, free from the bacillus pullorum contains no agglutinating agent and gives a clear reading.—L. Stevenson, O. A. College, Guelph.

Dairy stock that has been sent to the stock yards is generally of little value for dairy purposes.

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

The hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," was composed at Wrexham, Eng., in 1819. On Whit-Sunday in that year Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph and Vicar of Wrexham, preached a sermon in his church on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Heber was son-in-law to Dr. Shipley and was on a visit. The doctor, on the previous Saturday, asked Heber to "write something for them to sing in the morning," and in a few minutes Heber produced the hymn now so well known all over the world.

JAZZ KINGS.

Leaders of Famous Dance Bands Make Enormous Incomes.

The founders and conductors of jazz orchestras make enormous incomes. It is stated that Paul Whiteman's annual income is in the region of $125,000, and there are other men in the United States to-day who are earning from $50,000 to $100,000 out of "jazz."

When jazz kings are referred to it is not the composers of those simple melodies that set the feet of the world tripping who are meant, but the leaders of dance orchestras, who have ridden to fame and wealth on a wave of music.

First, there is Paul Whiteman. This plump and smiling purveyor of syncopation received a classical education in music and played the viola in a symphony orchestra for five years.

When he took up jazz the Palais Royal brought him to New York at the small wage of $2,500 a week for himself and nine men. Years later the proprietors of a new dance palace in Chicago paid Whiteman's orchestra more than $20,000 for their opening week.

This latter figure is a record, but it is a striking fact that the lowest paid man in Whiteman's original orchestra makes more than $5,000 a year. And Whiteman, himself, at thirty-five, has an income nearly double that of the President, and five times more than the Prime Minister of Britain.

Paul Specht is Whiteman's great rival. When Whiteman made his bow to London a couple of years ago, the great firm of Lyons summoned the second Paul across the Atlantic to open the huge Corner House. Specht grand tour followed, and he brought home, he said, nearly $50,000.

Only two or three years before this Specht was an "unknown." But with a little dance band of seven men he braved New York, and volunteered to play a number on the program of a "big night" at the National Vaudeville Club, without charge.

Everybody who is anybody on Broadway was there. It was a sophisticated audience, which knew what was "good," and couldn't be fooled.

Paul Specht became famous overnight. His is the classic instance of quick fame on the street of "hard-boiled eggs." His subscription became a dozen, and there and then he was offered as many engagements. He waited until the next day, and then picked the best one.

When I talked with him last he had twenty-six orchestras playing; and a musical journal has estimated his "gross business" at $625,000 annually.

Each of these jazz kings heads a dance band which commands the highest prices, and each trains other dance orchestras.

But Whiteman's eighteen and Specht's twenty-six orchestras are beaten by Meyer Davis' thirty-eight.

The Prince of Jazzlandia, who leads them all, is not well known even to the ordinary American. But he is a modest extraordinary to the elite. It is on record that a Philadelphia millionaire once paid Davis $10,000 for a "dance band" of forty-pieces for a single evening.

It is Davis who furnishes the music for some of the most exclusive hotels during the eastern seaboard. The late President Harding took a Davis orchestra with him on his trip to Panama. And the Prince of Wales, after he had spent many an evening dancing to his tunes, wrote inviting the master musician to England.

Hay Fever Pollens.

Frequently the hay-fever pollens have been known to appear as far as ten miles from their source. To ascertain how the injurious pollens are transported from infected areas to so-called "immune" districts) a scientist recently conducted interesting experiments by airplane. At various levels up to 15,000 feet he exposed greased plates to catch the pollens. The plates were fitted into a specially-constructed holder at the side of the machine. Changing them was a difficult feat on account of the operator's cramped position and the intense cold experienced at the higher altitudes. The experiment finished, the plates were dispatched to the doctor's laboratory, where they were stained and photographed. The pollens were found to be most numerous at an altitude of from 4,000 to 6,000 feet, where they are conveyed by ascending air currents until they encounter cumulus cloud formations. Lateral air currents then carry the pollen clouds along, until rain or a downward air current brings them back to earth, to cause further discomfort to hay-fever sufferers.

Eliminating Foreign Words.

The German Language Society has set itself the task of eliminating as many foreign words as possible from German as possible. During the war the Germans began to write the word "telephone" with an "f" (telefon); before that, the English word "cakes," used for biscuits, was spelled "keks."

One of the most extraordinary suggestions made by the Language Society is to replace the word electricity by "herrkraft," said to mean "amber power." But in commenting on the suggestion one German newspaper points out that many electrical terms produced neither from amber nor by friction.

Incidentally, both "telephone" and "electricity" are not French or English words, both coming from the Greek. Nor is the "f" peculiarly German, as it is used in "telefono" in several European languages, and also in "telegrafo," and so on, in Italian and Spanish.

The First Automobile.

In 1885 Gottlieb Daimler fitted a petrol engine to a motor bicycle. In the same year Karl Benz produced his motor tricycle. Panherd and Levocoir adopted the Daimler engine in 1887 and constructed a car in which sliding gears were used for changing speed.

The Gas "Ghost."

One of the first to discover coal as was William Murdoch, who, bout 130 years ago, made it by heating coal in a closed vessel with a open pipe connected to it.

Murdoch used to amuse himself by filling bladders with the gas and carrying them with him at night so that he could find his way about the countryside in the dark.

We can well understand, says a writer in the Journal of the London Society, how frightened were country people, and they came to imagine him to be some kind of ghost.

The Simplon Tunnel.

The Simplon tunnel, between Italy and Switzerland, is 12¾ miles long.

ANCIENT ACTORS WELL PAID

Researches Show That Oldtime Entertainers Were by No Means Inadequately Rewarded.

Enormous salaries of actors today are looked upon as a modern innovation, growing with the development of the American millionaire and the imagination of the American press agent. Such is not the case, says Robert Mantell, who in his studies in the preparation of his classic repertoire has come across many bits of curious information, observes the Buffalo Express. The Roman actor Roscius, whose name has become synonymous with all that is marvelous in a player, earned a salary which, according to Mr. Mantell, puts that warm friend of Cicero quite in a class with Charlie Chaplin. Roscius drew about $160 daily in the money of his time, which had a purchasing power equivalent to nearly $1,600 in United States money, even without the aid of the war and the patriotism of the restaurant men. That brings his annual salary to the half-million mark. Another actor, the tragedian Aesopus, not to be confounded with the writer of fables, and who also was a friend of Cicero, received so great a salary that he left a vast fortune to his son. When Emperor Vespasian repaired the theater of Marcellus he gave the tragedian Apollinaris (whom a Winter garden comedian might dub "the father of waters") $20,000 to appear there, but the length of his services is not stated. To each of two harpists in the company, Terpinus and Diodorus, he gave $10,000, and no player received less than $2,000. In addition, he made the actors numerous special presents of money, always gold.

Coming down to more recent times and more modest amounts, but still comparable with salaries of today, David Garrick drew at the height of his popularity $250 a night. Macready in 1830, when he staged for the first time "Richelieu," was paid $125 a night, and Miss Ellen Tree, about the same period, drew the same salary.

CERAMICS.

The Potter's Art Can Be Traced In the Work of Prehistoric Man.

The potter's art is one of the oldest known to mankind. The primitive races, whether of remote ages or of to-day, took of necessity such clay as they found near the surface of the ground, or by some river-bed, and with the rudimentary preparation of spreading it out on a stone slab, and if necessary, picking out any rocky fragments, then beating it with the hands, with stones or boards, or treading it with the feet to render it fairly uniform in consistency, proceeded to fashion it into such shapes as need or fancy dictated.

For centuries this simple handmade pottery was hardened by drying in the sun, so that it would serve for the storage of dried grain and other household things. Then these primitive potters learned to harden their products in open fires or in the most rudimentary form of kilns. How many generations of men, of any race, handed on their painfully acquired bits of knowledge before this earliest stage was passed, can never be known, but advancing skill, based on increased technical knowledge, can be traced in the work of prehistoric man.

For ages tools and methods remained of the simplest—the fingers for shaping or building up a vessel, a piece of mat or basket-work for giving initial support,—until some original genius of the tribe found that by starting to build up his pot on the flattened side of a boulder he could turn his support so as to bring every part in succession under the hand. The next step was the invention of the potter's wheel.

Wherever clay was found men became potters of a sort, just as they became hunters, carpenters and workers of metals.

In time came the knowledge that even in the same district all clays did not fire to the same color, and color decorations arose in a rude daubing or smearing of some clay which was found to give a bright red or buff color on vessels formed of a duller-colored clay. Most precious of all were little deposits of white clay which kept their color unsullied through the fire. By these primitive means the dawn of the dawn made their ware. On this superstructure all the pottery of the past four thousand years has been built, for behind all Egyptian, Greek or Chinese pottery is found the same primitive foundations.

The Coffee Tree.

The coffee tree or shrub is a native of Abyssinia on the eastern coast of Central Africa. It was carried across the Red Sea to Arabia, and spread from there to many tropical and subtropical lands. The Dutch carried the coffee tree to their possessions in the Far East, and they were among the earliest large producers of coffee. The first people to use coffee generally as a beverage were the Persians. It is said the first coffee in England was carried there by Nathanael Canopus, a native of the Island of Crete in the eastern Mediterranean. This was in the year 1641. He made coffee his common beverage while attending Balliol College, Oxford.

DOG REFUSED TO STAY DEAD

Indianapolis Policeman Found He Had Not Done as Good a Job as He Thought.

Frank Finney, motor policeman, lost his reputation as a marksman the other day after he and his partner, Bon Lansing, had been called to the Coburn Storage and Warehouse company, 211 West Georgia street, to end the suffering of a dog that had been run over by an automobile.

Finney shot the dog, all right, the bullet apparently putting an end to the animal's suffering. In fact attaches of the warehouse audibly pronounced the dog dead, and told the two motor policemen they could return to headquarters, as further services would not be needed.

A short time after the motor policemen returned, an attache of the warehouse telephoned to Captain Sanders and told him the dog apparently had "come to life again" and was trying to walk. Finney and Lansing were sent back to complete the job. The former, however, refused to take a hand in the affair, contending that he had killed it the first time, Lansing was therefore executioner, and the dog was really and finally killed.—Indianapolis News.

$9,000 IN CASH PRIZES--FREE

150 OPPORTUNITIES AT VACATION TREASURE, WITH A FIRST PRIZE OF $2,000.00 FOR YOU!

Are you a doer or a dreamer? Do you want success and happiness? Do you want a real Vacation this Summer—the greatest, the finest, the happiest vacation in all your life; the realization of your dreams?

Then enter The Mail and Empire's "B-Word" Picture Puzzle Game to-day. Others may enter to-morrow or next week. Your job is to enter and start right now, fully qualified and ready to win $2,000 as your Vacation Treasure.

You have 150 chances at $9,000. In cash—the greatest opportunity, the largest prize list in history. The present Picture Puzzle is the easiest to solve of any published by The Mail and Empire. It is simple, interesting, educational—and worth while.

How Many Objects Beginning With the Letter "B" Can You Find in This Picture?

The picture below contains a number of objects and articles beginning with the letter "B". You will find all sorts of things which begin with the letter "B"—like "B-ugs", "B-ar", "Ball", "B-arrel", etc. See how many you can find. This is not a trick puzzle; nothing is hidden and you don't have to turn the picture upside down or sideways. We are giving you this large picture so that all objects and articles starting with the letter "B" will be easy for you to see. There is nothing difficult or hard to understand. You can see—a "B-ag" is there, and a "B-ench", and a "B-icycle" are also there. One Hundred and Fifty Cash Prizes will be given for the 150 best lists of words submitted in answer to this puzzle. The answer to the largest and nearest correct list of visible objects and articles in the picture that start with the letter "B" will be awarded First Prize; second best, Second Prize, etc.

YOUR ANSWER TO THE "B-WORD" PUZZLE MUST BE MAILED NOT LATER THAN WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3rd

The Mail and Empire Has Given Away $20,388 to 304 Prize Winners in Recent Contests.

Partial list of Prize Winners in Recent Puzzle Contests

The winners are:—E. A. Spence, Lansdowne, $2,000; Mrs. Jim Frydl, Hagersville, $1,250; Miss Lucy G. Firestine, Delhi, $1,000; Rev. Thos. Lisle, Williamsburg, $1,000; Mrs. Angus Campbell, Egmont, $1,000; Miss Thos. Pattimore, Athens, $1,000; Mrs. Jas. D. Jr., Marmora, $1,000; Miss Ella M. Bell, Peterborough, $1,000; Mrs. John A. Saunders, Bracebridge, $500; G. M. Carmichael, Welland, $500; Miss Norma Moore, Chesley, $500; Miss Ella M. Hamilton, $500; Miss Minnie Semmens, Lindsay Head, $400; Mrs. G. N. Murphy, Orillia, $300; Mrs. N. Vifflund, Sturgeon Falls, $300; Mrs. L. Merrick, Arnold, $200; Miss Grace Gilbert, Granton, $200; Mrs. Jas. B. Batchelor, Randoops, $200; Mrs. Geo. Allen, $200; Murphy, Geo. Allen, $200; J. F. Gaunce, Gaunce, Ont., $200; Mrs. Geo. McIntosh, Measlands, $200.

Besides the above 21 prize winners, there were 283 others winners, making a total of 304 men, women and children who have been awarded a cash prize in The Mail and Empire's series of Picture Puzzle Games.

And, now, here's YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

THE GREATEST GAME IN CANADIAN HISTORY--AND THE EASIEST PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST EVER ARRANGED--150 PRIZES TO BE GIVEN AWAY

You may never in your lifetime be given another opportunity such as we are offering you in our Puzzle Game to "play and learn" while earning a big cash prize. You can't help enjoying the hunt for "B-Words" in this Picture Puzzle. All you need is an observing eye. Let's all join in and have a jolly good time. No matter what your age, if you like to solve puzzles, try your hand at this one. It really is not a puzzle at all, for all the objects in the big picture above have been made perfectly plain, with no attempt to disguise or hide them. Get a pencil and paper and see how many "B-Words" you can find. When you have made up your list of "B-Words" send it in along with one, two, or three yearly subscriptions to The Mail and Empire at $5.00 per year, which will qualify your answer for the Large Cash Prizes to be awarded on March 19th to those sending in the 150 best answers. START YOUR LIST OF "B-WORDS" TO-DAY AND WIN A HANDSOME CASH PRIZE FOR YOUR SUMMER VACATION.

150--Cash Prizes--150

The $9,000 Prize List

Winning Answers will receive the One Hundred and Fifty Cash Prizes according to the table below:

150 Grand Prizes	Prize If One Subscription Is Sent In.	Prize If Two Subscriptions Are Sent.	Prize If Three Subscriptions Are Sent.
1st Prize	$30.00	$500.00	$1,000.00	$2,000.00
2nd Prize	25.00	200.00	600.00	1,400.00
3rd Prize	20.00	150.00	400.00	1,000.00
4th Prize	18.00	120.00	300.00	600.00
5th Prize	16.00	100.00	250.00	500.00
6th Prize	14.00	90.00	100.00	200.00
7th Prize	12.00	60.00	75.00	125.00
8th Prize	10.00	50.00	60.00	80.00
9th Prize	8.00	40.00	50.00	60.00
10th Prize	6.00	10.00	20.00	40.00
11th to 25th Prize Incl.	5.00	8.00	16.00	22.00
26th to 50th Prize Incl.	4.00	7.50	15.00	20.00
51st to 100th Prize Incl.	3.00	6.00	12.00	14.00
101st to 150th Prize Incl.	2.00	5.00	10.00	15.00

In the event of a Tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be paid to each tied participant.

Subscription Rates

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

The Mail and Empire anywhere in Canada by mail $5.00 per year. Delivered by carrier boy in Hamilton, $6.00 per year.

Your own subscription will count or subscriptions to start at some future date. Just write on the order when you want the paper started and it will start promptly on that date.

NO SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED FOR A LONGER PERIOD THAN THREE YEARS IN ADVANCE.

HOW PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED

The "B-Word" Picture Puzzle Game is a campaign to increase the popularity of The Mail and Empire. It costs nothing to take part, and you do not have to send in a subscription to win a prize. If your list of "B-Words" is awarded first prize by the Judges you will win $20.00, but if you would like to win more than $20.00 we are making the following special offer whereby you can win greater cash prizes by sending in ONE or TWO or THREE yearly subscriptions to The Mail and Empire.

Here's How the Big Prizes Will be Awarded:

$500.00 instead of $20.00 will be awarded to the answer winning first prize if ONE yearly subscription to The Mail and Empire at $5.00 per year by mail, has been sent in. Second Prize, $200.00; Third Prize, $250.00, etc. (See second column of figures in Prize List.)

$1,000.00 instead of $20.00 will be awarded to the answer winning first prize if TWO (new or renewal) yearly subscriptions to The Mail and Empire are sent in; Second Prize, $600.00; Third Prize, $400.00, etc. (See third column of figures in Prize List.)

$2,000.00 instead of $20.00 will be awarded to the answer winning first prize, provided THREE (new or renewal) yearly subscriptions to The Mail and Empire are sent in; Second Prize, $1,400; Third Prize, $1,000. (See fourth column of figures in Prize List.)

And that's not all! We will give extra amounts on all prizes in the same manner. Any answer is qualified by THREE yearly subscriptions and you win fourth prize, you will receive $600, etc., down the prize list. You are given an opportunity to participate in 150 prizes totalling over $9,000, where the 150th prize with THREE subscriptions wins $15.00.

EASY RULES

1. Any man, woman or child who lives in Canada, and is not a resident of Toronto or suburbs, and is not employed by The Mail and Empire may submit an answer.

2. Prize winners in former Picture Puzzle Contests conducted by The Mail and Empire who have won $200.00 or more are not eligible to participate in this puzzle.

3. All answers must be mailed by Wednesday, March 3rd, 1928, and addressed to Puzzle Manager, Room 207, The Mail and Empire, Toronto.

4. All lists of names should be written on one side of the paper only and numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc. Write your full name and address in the upper left hand corner. If you send more than one list, do not use a separate sheet.

5. Only such words that are nouns commencing with "B" as appear in Webster's Dictionary will be counted. The nouns must be singular words. Do not use hyphenated words. Do not use compound words. Do not use two words in the combination of two or more complete English words, each one written in itself a complete word. Use only the singular form of the singular-named be counted and vice versa.

6. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects or articles. Do not use names of persons or places. However, any visible part of an object may also be named.

7. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names will win. Second Prize, $200.00; Third Prize, $150.00, etc. (See second column of figures in Prize List.) In case of ties for any prize, the full amount of such prize will be paid to each tied participant. The prizes will be decided and awarded on a percentage basis. Each list will be given a mark, and the highest mark will win the first prize, and so on down the line according to the number of marks gained.

8. Any number may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household, and any family or group will win but one of any group where two or more have been working together.

9. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be paid to each tied participant.

10. Subscriptions (both new and renewal), payable in advance at $5.00 per year by mail or $6.00 delivered by carrier boy in Hamilton or the city of Toronto, will be accepted to qualify answers for the prizes offered.

11. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not a subscription to The Mail and Empire is sent in.

12. Three well-known Toronto citizens, having no connection with The Mail and Empire, will be selected to act as Judges to select the winners. Each participant by mailing in their answers agrees to accept the decision of the Judges as final and conclusive.

The Judges will meet on March 4th and announcement of the prize winners and correct list of B-words will be published in The Mail and Empire on March 19th, and prize money will be mailed to the winners promptly.

Mail Your Answer and Qualifying Subscriptions to PUZZLE MANAGER

Room 207 THE MAIL AND EMPIRE - TORONTO, CANADA

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Oaten's.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST

John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

Everything clean and sanitary.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

We carry a full line of pipes, cigarettes and tobacco. Our prices are right

Bring your films to us. 25 years experience at developing and printing. Enlargements made on short notice. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Dutch Bulbs

All Varieties

Good Wheat

For Hen Feed

Poultry Spices, Beef Scrap, Tankage

—at—

GEO. E. WINTER,

Seed Store

Dundas St. Phone 78.

WE SELL FOR LESS

2 lbs. mixed candy for	25c.
Try Tuco Catsup large bottle	23c.
1 can pure jam	50c.
20 bars White Naptha Soap	$1.00
24 bars Lennox Soap	$1.00
1 lb. mixed nuts for	25c.
1 lb. shortening for	15c.
1 lb. shelled Walnuts	40c.
2 lbs. raisins	25c.
1 qt. Molasses for	15c.
1 lb. peanuts	15c.

Wood, Salt, Feed.

A Penny Saved is Worth 2 Made.

Denison Bros.

North Centre Street.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO.

CORNS

end the pain quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end the misery of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure*. No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are *thin*; antiseptic, waterproof. They protect while they heal. Also for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this new, magic corn treatment.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are sold at all drug and shoe stores everywhere. Also manufacturers of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies.

The Haines Shoe Houses

Daly's Good Tea is dependable—When you buy a pound you know with certainty that you will serve a tea rich in flavor and of the proper strength, one that will make the members of your family or your guests exclaim, "What a splendid cup of tea." This famous brand for sale at WALLACE'S DRUG STORE.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

A "Want Adv." in the columns of The Express brings results.

RESERVE ST. PATRICK'S DAY FOR ST. ANDREWS'

The girls of the Swastika Club had a jolly sleigh ride on Friday evening to the home of Miss May Reid, Pleasant Valley.

The Ladies' Orange Benevolent Association held a very successful euchre and dance in the rooms of Napanee Lodge I.O.O.F., on Thursday evening.

Mr. W. S. Cook, who has been a purchaser of cheese on the Napanee Cheese Board ever since the Board commenced operations died in Belleville on Friday evening.

Paul's Bookstore, for a quarter of a century Napanee's Leading Wallpaper Shop, are holding an Anniversary Sale of Wallpapers the last two weeks of February. Buy now to save money.

The Bishop of Ontario, Right Rev. E. J. Bidwell, D.D., will visit St. Mary Magdalene's Church next Sunday evening at 7 p.m. He will preach and also administer the rite of Confirmation.

Three of the Chinamen connected with Peter Lee's restaurant in Kingston have leased the vacant store on Dundas street, next to Killorin's pool room, and will open another Chinese restaurant. A considerable amount of money will be spent in fitting up the building similar to Peter Lee's restaurant in Kingston. Mr. W. J. Jewell is drawing the plans for the alterations.

On Saturday, Bessie Garrison, daughter of Jonas Garrison, Sillsville, died after a short illness of measles followed by pneumonia, at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Benn, Mill street. Deceased was about twenty years of age, and was attending the Collegiate Institute. She was a general favorite with her school mates. The funeral took place on Monday from the home of her aunt, to Riverside cemetery.

On the occasion of the anniversary of their re-opening, Paul's Bookstore, for a quarter of a century Napanee's Leading Wallpaper shop, will hold an Anniversary Sale of Wallpapers. All papers on hand will be specially priced for this event. Those who anticipate redecorating will be well advised to purchase their requirements at this time. Sale starts Feb. 15th and continues until the end of this month.

The Town Hockey League got away to a good start on Wednesday night at the Arena, when Gibbard's defeated St. Pats. by the score of 7-2. The management had an excellent sheet of ice with the result that the game was a fast one from the first to the last period. The attendance was only fair, which was quite natural for the first game. Mr. Shoemaker, of the N.C.I. staff and a member of the Napanee team, handled the bell to the satisfaction of both teams.

Laura Lowry, beloved wife of Mr. Matthew Shetlor, passed away quite suddenly on Monday evening from pneumonia. A few weeks ago she underwent a serious operation in Kingston General Hospital and on leaving that institution spent a couple of weeks at the home of her husband's mother on Mill street, before going to her home near Bath. She was recovering nicely from the operation when she caught cold and pneumonia developed. Mrs. Shetlor was the only daughter of the late Hugh Lowry, of Ernestown and leaves besides her husband, one son, her mother and five brothers, Messrs. Chas. and Harry Lowry, Ernestown, and three brothers in Ackron, O.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,

Napanee, - Ontario

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mrs. W. K. Pruyn is visiting Mrs. Merritt in Montreal.

Mrs. Geo. Cousins, Belleville, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Vandewalen.

Messrs. J. W. Robinson and J. L. Boyes were in Toronto last week attending the meeting of the Fairs Association.

Mrs. Walter Cranston, Deseronto Road, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Victor McGreer, Sydenham.

Mrs. T. W. Simpson and Miss Marjorie are visiting relatives in Toronto.

Mrs. W. E. Doxsee spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Judge and Mrs. Deroche, Belleville, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Deroche on Wednesday last. This week they feave for Florida for a couple of months.

Mrs. John Kimmett and daughter, Olive, Wilton, spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Bowerman, Wellington, Ont.

Miss Nellie Gould, Toronto, is the guest of Miss Hattie Rawlinson, Sillsville.

Mr. Harry Babcock returned from Belleville Hospital on Wednesday last.

The Misses Gandier, Newburgh, are visiting their sister, Lady Falconer, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Hambly have returned from a five months visit to Western Canada.

Mrs. Geo. Knox is visiting her son, Karl, in Oshawa.

Miss Allie Craig is spending a month with her sister, Mrs. Lloyd Nesbitt, Fort William.

Mrs. Ella Wagar is visiting friends in Ottawa.

Miss Frances Dwyer left last week to visit her mother in Oshawa until the date of her marriage to Dr. Gleeson.

Mrs. G. A. Wallace, Ironton, Ohio, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cowling.

Mrs. Albert Bartlett is visiting her son in New York.

Miss Helen Grange, who has been spending a month with her sister at Bath, Maine, returned home on Sunday.

Mr. Harry E. Thompson, Provincial Police Officer, is in Toronto hospital for an operation.

Mr. Benson McCabe spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. Leonard McCabe.

DEATHS

Garrison—At Napanee on Saturday, Feb. 6th, 1926, Bessie May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Garrison, South Fredericksburgh, aged 20 years, 7 months.

Shetlor—At South Fredericksburgh, on Monday, Feb. 8th, 1926, Laura May Lowry, beloved wife of Matthew Shetlor, aged 42 years, 10 months, 8 days. Funeral services in St. Mary Magdalene Church, Napanee, on Wednesday at 2 p.m.

Wilde—At Crookston, Minn., on Feb. 4th, 1926, Geo. C. Wilde, formerly of North Fredericksburgh, aged 84 years.

Wright—At Violet on Monday, Feb. 8th, 1926, Daniel Wright, aged 83 years, 6 months, 2 days. Funeral from his late residence on Wednesday at 10 a.m.

Word was received in Napanee on Monday of the death at Carman, Man of David Friskin, a former well known citizen of Napanee. Mr. Friskin was a blacksmith by trade and learned his trade with the late John Lowry afterwards going into business with Henry Savage. A number of years ago he went to Carman and has resided there since.

The Prudential Insurance Company, of which Mr. Parish is the local representative, announce the following changes in their staff. Mr. P. L. McCreath, who has been Superintendent of the Kingston District, goes to Halifax, N.S., and Mr. S. Hawthorne, of Montreal No. 1 District, comes to Kingson. Napanee comes under the Kingston District.

NEELY'S

As modestly as we may we are calling the attention of the Public to our beautiful 1926 Paperhangings.

We stocked extensively from Staunton's large assortment, besides carrying the widest range of patterns the Empire Wall Papers manufacture. (The above are the 22-inch semi-trimmed).

For those who would like cheaper hangings we have a fairly large number of "Colin McArthur's" from which to choose.

We have arranged a commodious and comfortable Study, where the decorations may be viewed in their completed effects.

May we show you ?

Children's Photographs !

Saturday Special

Every Week from now until Spring

With every dozen regular 4 x 6 Children's Pictures an 8 x 10 enlargement, ready for framing, will be given.

Prices as reasonable as $5.00 per dozen, and nothing extra for the large picture.

I make a specialty of Child-Photography—it will pay you to look me up.

Bertram F. Hawley,

Residence-Studio Dundas St. West.

Ladies' Duplex Chamoisette Gloves

Natural chamois suede Duplex Gloves, stitched with Black and Black points on back, in gauntlet style, with shirred wrist.

Size 6, 6½, 7. Price $1.75 pair.

Judge—This lady says you tried to speak to her at the station.

Student—It was a mistake. I was looking for my room-mate's girl, whom I had never seen before, but who'd been described to me as a handsome blond with classic features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed and—

Witness—I don't care to prosecute the gentleman. Anyone might have made the same mistake. —Selected.

Bi-Tex Double Fabric Silk Hose

Bi-Tex is an innerlined Silk Hose, a stocking you will find that will give warmth as well as a good appearance and comfort. Colors Frost, Beige, Buckskin, Black. Price $2.50 pair.

February

A Month of "Spotlight" Values at Robinson's

"Spotlight" Sale of Women's and Misses' Silk Dresses

30 Well Fashioned Dresses, $10.00 Each

ON SALE— Thursday, Feb. 11th — Friday, Feb. 12th — Saturday, Feb. 13th

These Dresses are all excellent numbers. In some cases regularly they sell for three times our "Spotlight" Sale Price. We consider they have been here too long, hence our exceptional reductions. You may choose from either "straight-line" or "flare" styles—sleeves come long and short—necklines, round, bateau or V shape. Sizes for women or misses.

THE COLORS

Include many of the fashionable shades for the incoming season. Featured are Sand, Tan, Russet, Bokhara, Jade, Pansy, Brown, Navy and Black.

THE MATERIALS

Provide a varied assortment. You may choose from Cantons, Flat Crepes, Rayons, Satin Crepes, Silk Velvets and Velveteens.

The qualities are dependable and guaranteed in every instance.

Women Looking for Exceptional Values Should Shop Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

SPOTLIGHT SALE OF BOYS' BLOOMER SUITS

THURSDAY - Feb. 11th. FRIDAY - Feb. 12th. SATURDAY - Feb. 13th.

SPOTLIGHT PRICES WILL BE $5.00 AND $7.50

There are 38 Suits in the lot, they are the final clean-up of our own good lines, to make room for Spring stock. They are suits that were originally $8.50 to $13.50. These prices, $5.00 to $7.50 represent the most drastic reductions possible.

At $5.00 we have 2 age 8 ; 3 age 10 ; 1 age 11 ; 3 age 12; 4 age 13 ; 4 age 14 ; 2 age 15 ; 1 age 16 ; 8 age 17.

At $7.50 we have 2 age 11 ; 5 age 12 ; 6 age 13 ; 4 age 14 ; 3 age 15 ; 6 age 16 ; 3 age 17.

Come and get first choice.

It will pay you to buy your boy's next winter's Overcoat now. Profit and Loss are forgotten. They are priced to clear.

NEW LOW PRICE ON "KOTEX" SANITARY TOWELS, 69 CENTS PACKAGE

"Kotex" opens a remarkable new way which supplants the uncertainty of makeshift hygiene methods with a security that is absolute, by providing three unique features unknown before.

Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture ; 5 times that of the ordinary pad.

No laundry—As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

Easy to buy. You'll find them ready wrapped in our Corset Department, or Phone 176. Your requirements will be gladly sent.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WOOL HOSE, ON SALE SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH

REGULAR 50 CENTS PAIR, SALE PRICE 3 PAIRS FOR $1.00

For one day only, Children's Heavy Wool Hose, with wide ribb and plain knit feet. Extra weight for cold weather. Black only, sizes 6½ to 10.

GOOD FITTING, DEPENDABLE HOUSE DRESSES EITHER REGULAR OR O. S. SIZES

Women wanting well styled, attractive looking morning dresses, should choose the Martha Washington Brand. They are made expertly from collar to hem. No one other Canadian manufacturer gives as much attention to styles, to materials, to finish or to values. When you choose your requirements this Spring, let us demonstrate the superior advantages of Martha Washington dresses.

Assorted sizes. Assorted colors.

All moderately priced.

REGULAR $1.29 FLANNELETTE GOWNS FOR $1.00

For genuine comfort on winter nights its hard to beat these honestly made dependable flannelette gowns. We have them in high or low neck, long or short sleeve styles. The workmanship and finish you'll find neatly executed.

THE NEW DELINEATOR FOR MARCH IS NOW IN STOCK

SUBSCRIBERS MAY SECURE THEIR COPY BY CALLING AT THE STORE

The new Butterick Quarterly, with smartest patterns for Spring is now on sale. Price per copy, 25c., with certificate good for 10c. in the purchase of any Butterick pattern.

The Ladies' Home Journal at 10c. per copy gives you 214 pages of enjoyable reading and useful information.

MEN'S FOUR-IN-HAND NECKWEAR

SILK AND WOOL UNCRUSHABLE FABRIC

4 DOZEN ONLY YOUNG MEN'S PATTERNS TO SELL AT $1.00 EACH

These are bright, attractive new patterns and colors, and one third under the usual price.

BOW TIES AT 25 CENTS EACH

Five dozen very attractive Bow Ties to retail at 25c. each. These are particularly good for school boys. Good lively patterns and with elastic to go around the neck and hook fastener. Your choice at 25c.

SPECIAL VALUES IN OUR STAPLE DEPARTMENT

60c. value 8 oz. Khaki Drill for 45c. yd. This is an extra good value in Khaki Drill, very desirable as a covering for sheepskin lined coats, or overalls. Will stand most severe service. There is just 70 yards at the price of 45c. yd. This will go quickly.

Some very special values in odd towels, including huckaback in linen, union and all cotton, also white and colored Turkish Towels. In most cases these are marked below regular cost price. You will find a large range of staple remnants to select from, marked at money-saving prices. We invite your inspection.

TWO GOOD QUALITIES ON OUR FEBRUARY SALE LIST

NO. 1 QUALITY NATURAL PONGEE, $1.00 FOR 69c. YD.

No. 1 QUALITY NATURAL PONGETTE, 75c. FOR 50c. YD.

Both items have had a speedy sale during our January Clearance Sale, and having been able to secure a further quantity we are placing these two lines on sale at once. Both qualities are free from dressing, in rich, natural color, 34 in. wide. These materials are being much in demand for various needs, and now is a good opportunity to get what you need at special prices.

REDUCED TO HALF REGULAR PRICE ARE THESE VERY DESIRABLE WOOL MATERIALS IN TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS

REGULAR PRICES FROM $2.00 TO $3.95 PER YD.

Many of these fabrics can be used to good advantage for present wear, while others can take their place for spring wear. Plain check and plaids are being offered in light and dark colorings. All are 54 in. wide. Sale is now on. Be sure and look at this special display.

SPRING STYLES IN NEW FLANNEL DRESSES

GRADES AT $5.95 AND $7.95

We have just unpacked our first 1926 shipment of Flannel Dresses. Being fresh and new they are exceptionally attractive and desirable. One- piece flare and two-piece straight silhouettes again pre-dominate.

The Flannel used has a particularly soft Kasha finish that is especially suitable for dresses.

Obtainable in shades of Phantom Red, Jade, Sand, Cuckoo, Tan, Miller Blue, Black and White.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO. LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.